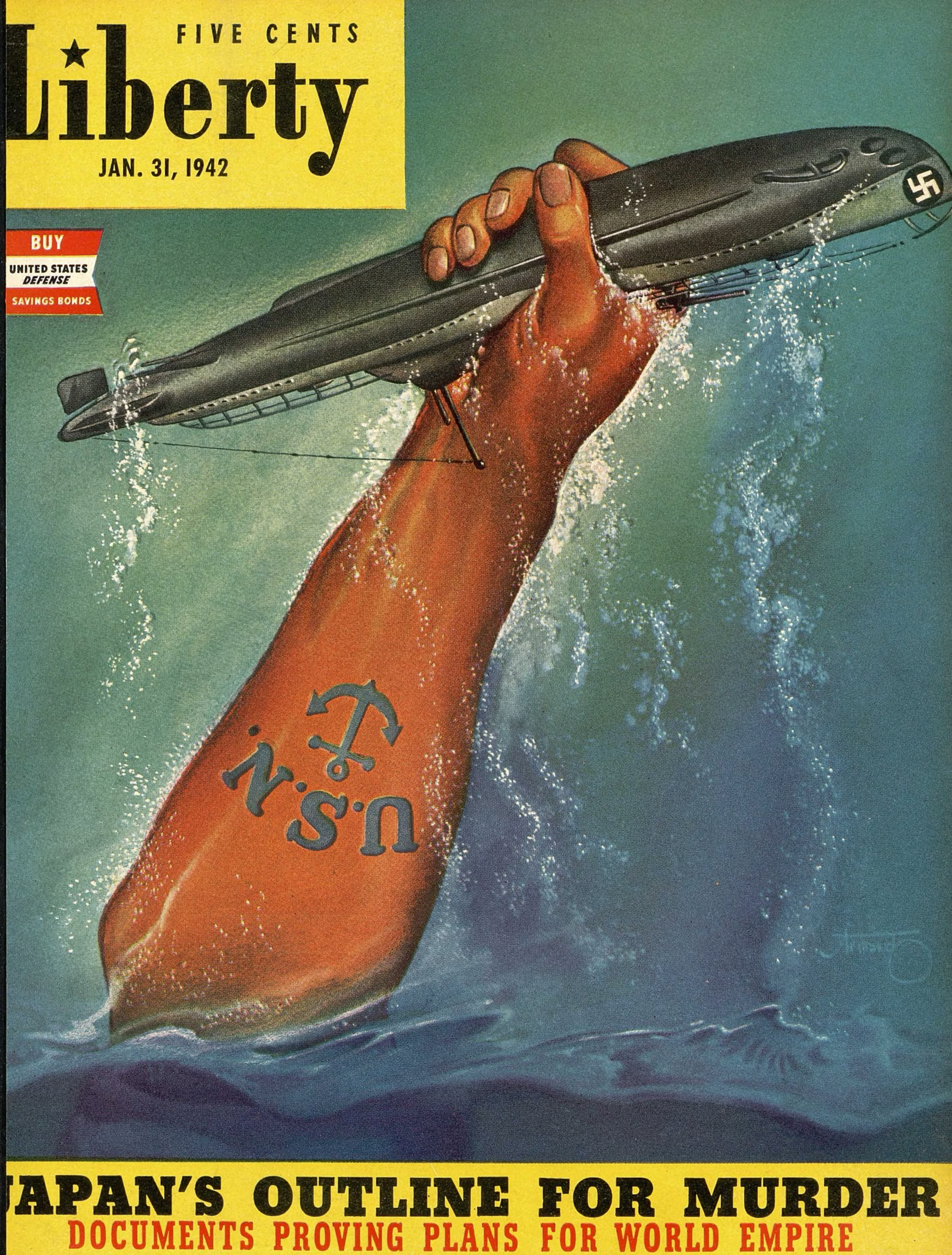
FIVE CENTS

Liberty

JAN. 31, 1942

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS



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Winter's bite is tempered by the mellowness of beer and ale

The winter wind pokes icy fingers at the window panes. Mittens, socks and ski-boots sit drying on the hearth. The ruddy fire-light flickers over glowing, healthy faces.

The day's runs and jumps, and spills too, are relived once again...over glasses of richly mellow beer and ale.

Nothing adds more to the simple pleasure of such an evening than a glass of beer or ale.

Made from Nature's wholesome grains and hops, beer and ale are so deeply satisfying, so delightful to your taste.

Called by men, since the dawn of time, the "beverages of moderation" these two brews can do so much to make your hours of leisure more restful, more relaxing.

More and more, in these difficult days, Americans are realizing that beer and ale...with their nutritious ingredients, their gentle nature, their matchless flavor ... *belong* to a wholesome and balanced way of life.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program...described in a booklet sent free on request. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C12, 21 East 40th St., New York, N.Y.

VOX POP

THE FIRST WORD— FROM OUR READERS

HOW TO GET ON WITH CAROLE LANDIS

Blandinsville, Ill.—Carole Landis' article, How to Get on with Men (December 27 Liberty), is bluff and bunk.

She says, "Forget you're female, remember you're a lady." She can't do it, and men won't. Bluffing and balderdash may suit some men, but not the majority.

She writes that with her technique "men come superficially to feel toward the woman . . . as if she were another fellow." The Sam Hill! A man doesn't want a girl to seem like "another fellow." He wants her to be a girl, proud of her sex, and glorious in her femininity.—*Chauncey R. Piety.*

Kingston, Pa.—Carole Landis has a good supply of common sense of the best quality. Every young woman should read and study her article.

Miss Landis should also write an article on how men should act and treat a girl who has the personality she pictures in her article. I am inclined to assume that there are some men who do not fully understand a woman of her type.—*E. J. Smith.*

Carlsbad, N. M.—It is a pleasure to read articles like the one by Carole Landis. So let's have more writing by her and people like her.—*Jesse B. Hughes.*

LIBERTY, ISOLATIONISTS, AND THE WAR

Ann Arbor, Mich.—For its condensation of Bomber Command, in the December 20 issue, Liberty deserves credit for an alert, timely, effective service to America's all-out prosecution of the war.

May I add a belated appreciation, also, for your attack on America's No. 1 Isolationist, in the solid editorial of some weeks ago?—*Carlton F. Wells.*

Marion, Ohio—It has been said that a wise person is capable of changing his mind. The fool has no mind to change.

I think that the pacifists, isolationists, and others who opposed the entrance of this nation, by will, into a foreign war should now be praised that they have pledged a wholehearted support to the administration in its prosecution by retaliation against the aggressor.

These people had minds capable of being changed.—*Earl J. Camp.*

THIS IS NO TIME TO FUMBLE IMPORTANT NATIONAL ISSUES

Stockton, Calif.—I read Howard Barnes' splendid review of Shirley Temple's new picture, where he told of her being twelve years old. Another magazine states that her age is thirteen.

Now, being a fan of Liberty, I should like the right information. Please tell me and the rest of your readers the correct answer.

May Liberty be right, as usual.—*Betty Simmons.*

Alas, Betty, you and we are both wrong. The *other* magazine said twelve, and it looks as if the other magazine was right. According to Who's Who in America, Shirley was born April 23, 1929. —Vox Pop Ed.

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN OR TO MEN OF GOOD WILL?

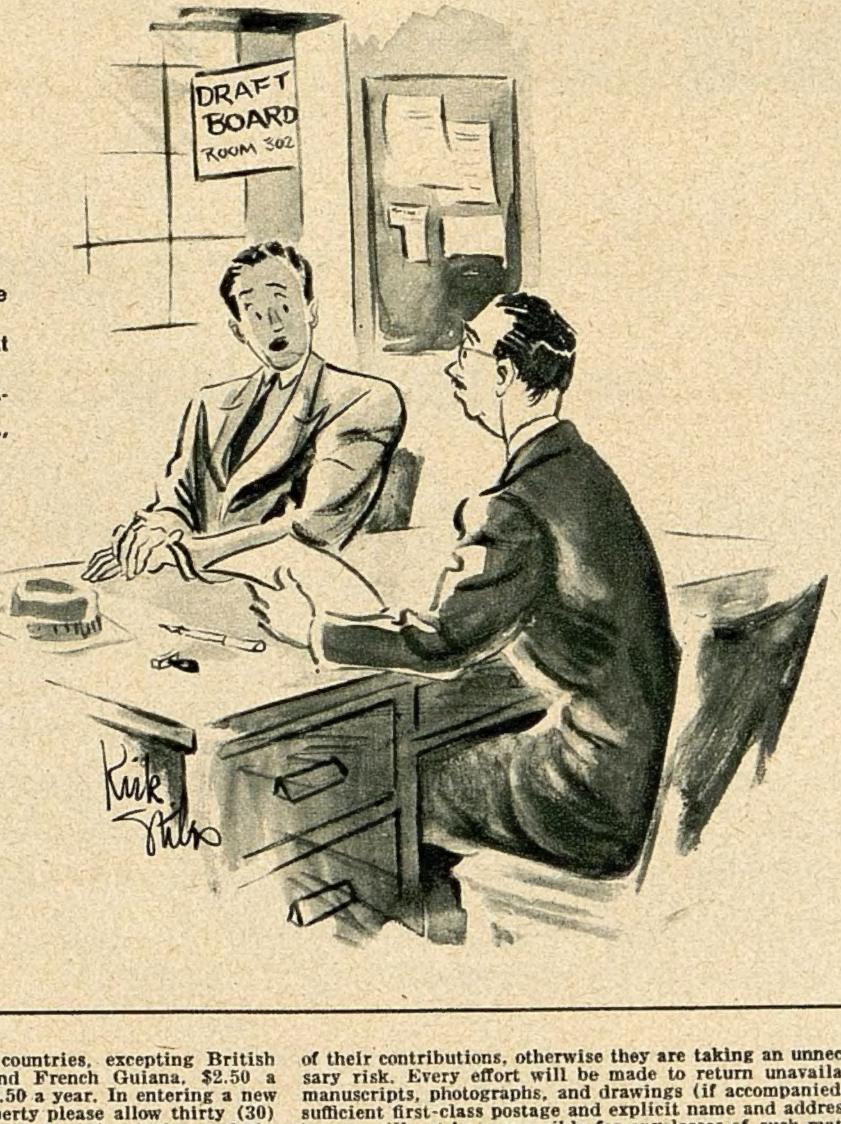
Oil City, Pa.—Your December 27 editorial says: "The shepherds heard the angels heralding peace, not for all, but to men of good will."

I have the King James translation of the Bible, and nowhere in it do I find that the announcement of the angels at Christ's birth was to "men of good will." The "good will" was God's attitude toward the human race, and His message was "peace on earth." You would make peace a human characteristic, so to speak.

Luke 2:14 says "good will toward men." Who took the liberty of changing the angels' message?—*Mrs. E. J. Calvert.*

Jersey City, N. J.—Liberty's setting aright of a mistaken idea so common and so long believed correct earns my appreciation and tribute. Your exposition of the right language is clear: God's peace can only be enjoyed by men of good will.

(*Continued on page 54*)



"May I use the same baby for a deferment that I use as an income-tax deduction?"

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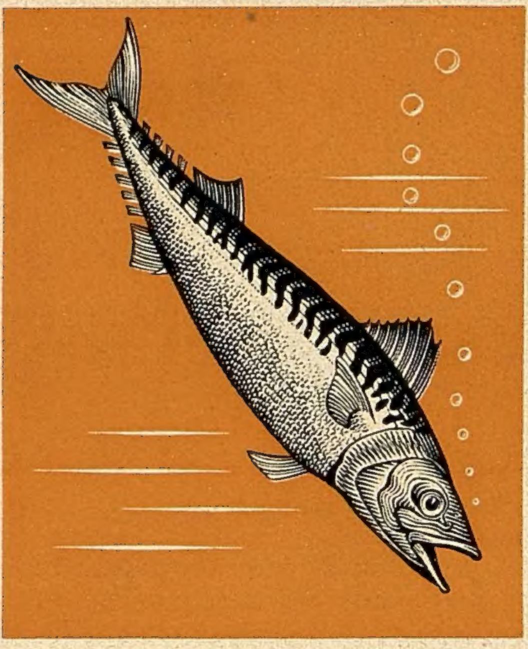
Know your M's



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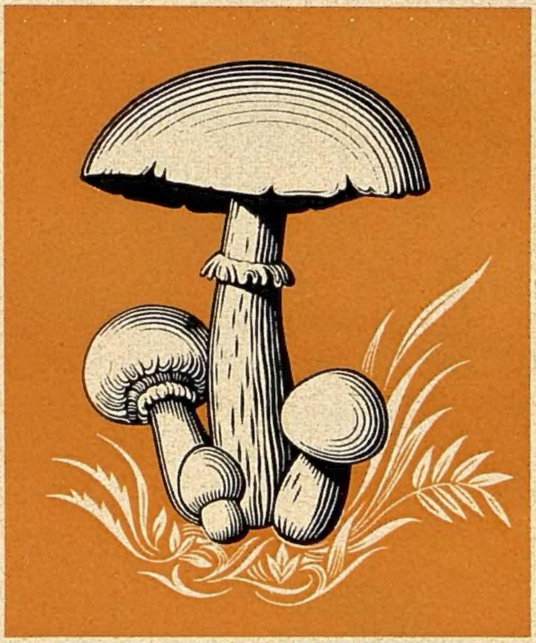

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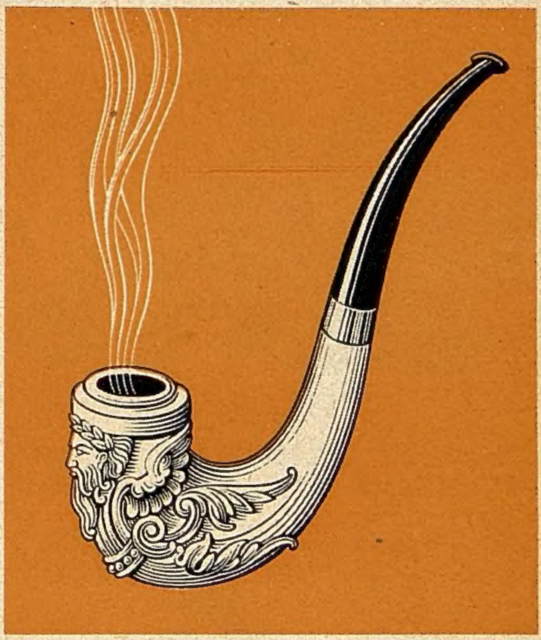

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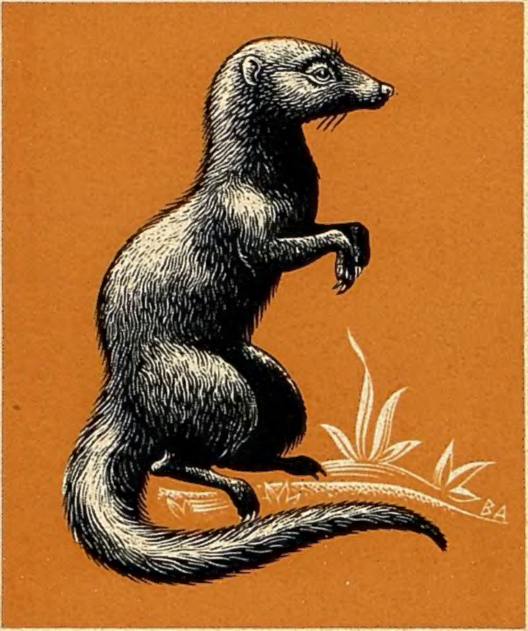

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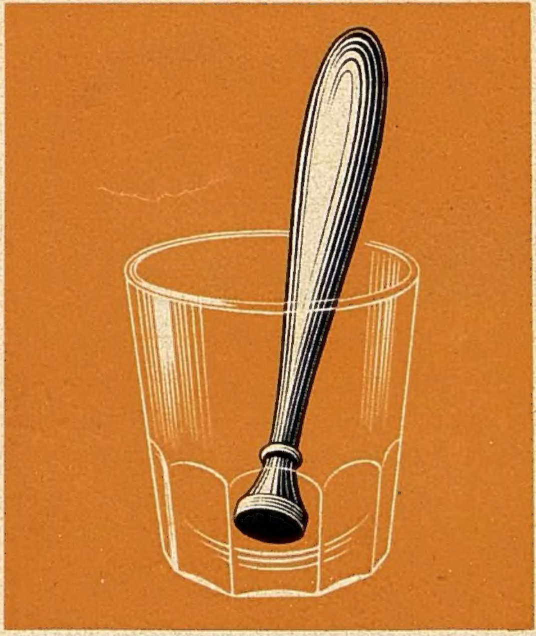

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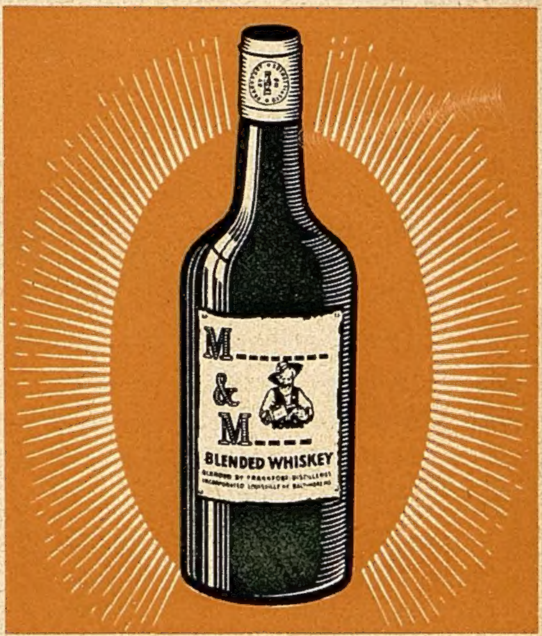


6. **This is M________ & M____**
The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mackerel;* 2, *Mushroom;* 3, *Meerschaum;* 4, *Mongoose;* 5, *Muddler;* 6, *Mild and Mellow Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

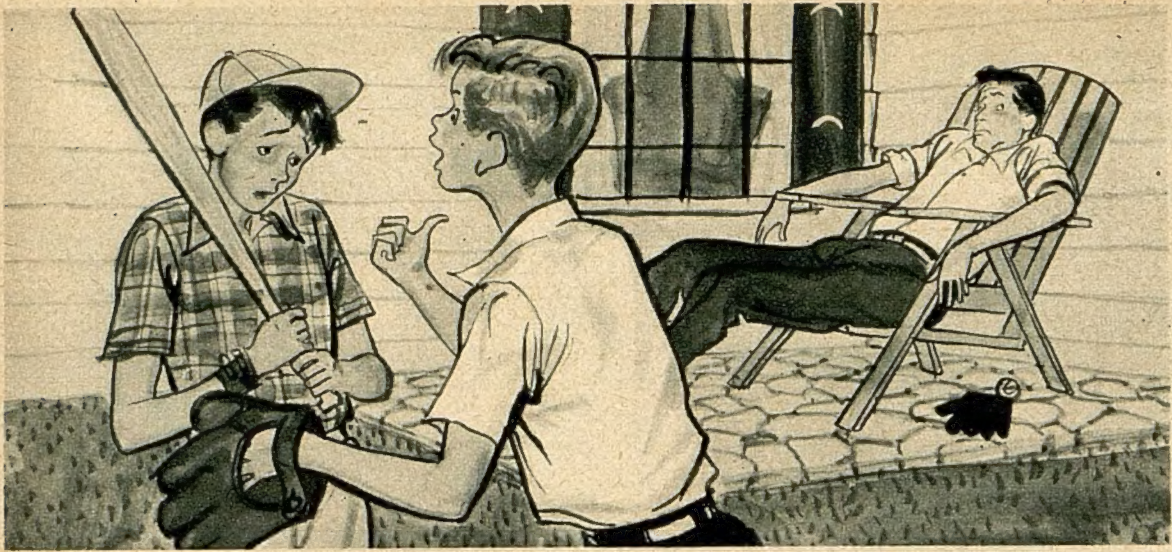
The Best of 'em is

M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

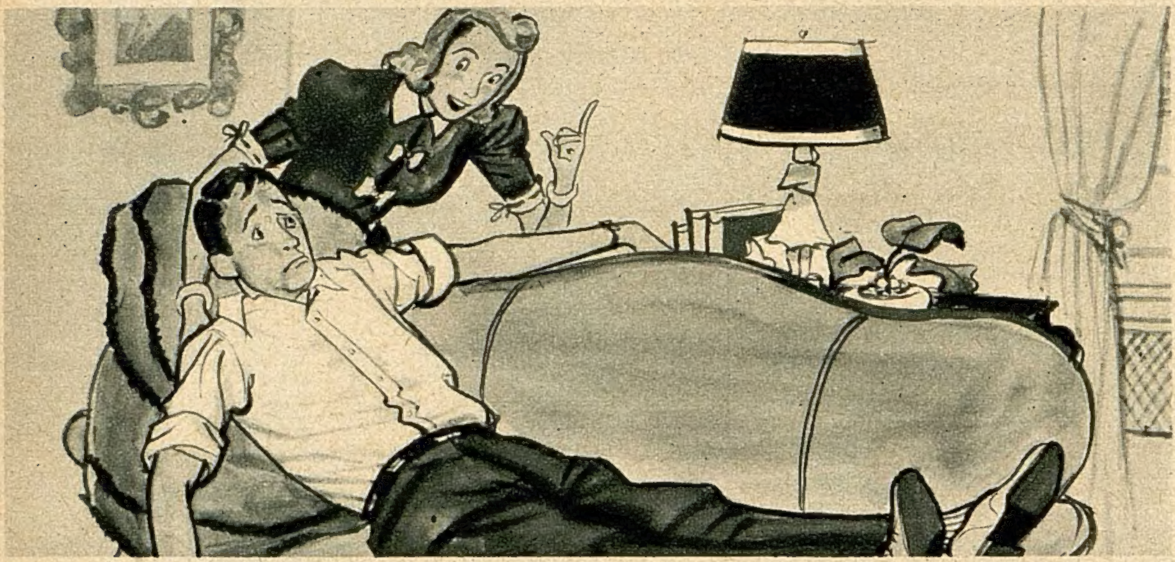
Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel



Butch: Yaah! And you said your old man was a hot pitcher. That fast one of his couldn't even bust a window.

Red: It could too! Guess Pop just didn't feel like throwing hard—that's all.



Pop: We-e-ll! Looks like I'm just getting too old for that sort of thing.

Wife: You and your long grey beard! All you need, Henry Peters, is a little more—er—more *pep appeal*—that's all! You're not eating right. Probably the only thing wrong with you is that you aren't getting all your vitamins! And you're going to start in getting them—right this minute.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED
DICK SIEGEL

Wife: Can't have pep without vitamins, you know! And right in this crispy, crunchy cereal are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins—B_1 and D! Yep—right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat!

Pop: Say—all your talk, and you never once said how *good* PEP tastes! Golly, if getting the *rest* of my vitamins is as much fun as eating KELLOGG'S PEP, that young fellow, Butch, isn't even gonna *see* my fast one!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

MAN TO MAN

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ MOST men don't like to bother with the details of looking after their clothes. But now that we are at war, it is up to all of us to conserve everything we can.

Buy the clothes you really need, but make up your mind to take care of them so as to prolong their usefulness; replacements will be expensive and in some cases impossible.

Here are a few suggestions that you—or your wife—may find useful.

It is false economy to wear the same suit day after day. If you alternate it with another suit, both will look better and last longer. The same is true of shoes.

Wool and leather are animal products with natural resiliency that will bring them back into shape when given a chance. If you wear a suit every day you'll stretch it beyond its capacity for recovery at the knees and elbows, hence weakening it at these points. With loosely woven fabrics you can have silk pieces put inside the knees to reinforce them.

A suit should be hung on proper hangers as soon as you take it off—while heat from your body is still in it; even a lapse of ten minutes is too long.

Don't use the flimsy wire hangers that cleaners leave; they tend to break the shoulders down. It is worth while to get some of those broad wooden ones that are shaped like shoulders and have a natural forward bend at the neck.

Empty the pockets. Button a button to keep the suit straight on the hanger. All this may take five seconds, once you've formed the habit.

Trousers are best hung from clamps on the cuffs, so that their own weight will have a chance to pull out bagginess. If they are wet, use a clamp for each leg and hang them well apart so that air can circulate.

When shoes are wet, it is particularly important to get trees into them while they are still warm and slightly expanded. The tree provides a form on which the leather can reshape itself as it cools and dries. Adjust a tree to fit easily, otherwise you're apt to

distort the shape. The Travel Tree is a good one because it has gentle springs that expand the forepart.

Regular use of saddle soap helps preserve leather, and Meltonian Cream is a dressing recommended by shoe men.

Treat your hats with respect. We are going to see less and less good felt, because the war has interfered with the importation of rabbit fur.

If your hat gets really soaked, push out the crease in the crown and let it dry evenly. Pull down the leather sweatband so that the moisture won't take oil through to the ribbon and brim. This is also a good idea if you've been perspiring freely.

Don't neglect to brush gray flannel or tweed. Naturally, these collect as much dust as dark fabrics, and dust plus moisture equals mud. Neutral-colored hats also suffer from this form of neglect.

Send your clothes to a good tailor. The money you pay to a poor cleaner is wasted if he merely spreads the dirt and consolidates it in the cloth, producing discoloration and contributing to shininess. Furthermore, he's apt to shrink it.

If a suit needs cleaning, don't try to get your money's worth by hacking it about—sifting ashes in it, cleaning the car in it—before sending it out. Some of the chemicals used for removing spots may soon be unobtainable. Buy a suit of overalls; you'll probably do a better job because you won't be trying to save them.

However, since even the best cleaning neither improves the looks nor prolongs the life of clothes, real care begins at home. Use cleaning fluid to remove a spot as soon as you notice it; the longer it remains the more difficult it is to remove. Cleaning fluids aren't much good for sugar stains—from ginger ale, syrup, etc. Warm water is.

Once you are in the habit of doing these things you will find that they take very little time. But if you are too tired when you get home from work, you might try leaving Liberty open at this page where your wife will see it.

THE END

IN ACTIVE SERVICE

EXPRESS
GREYHOUND LINES

for America's Two Great Armies!

There's a job to be done, and America's two great armies are going to see it through! To speed that job, Greyhound Super-Coach travel now lends itself wholeheartedly to the needs of a nation at war.

Too young to serve in '17, the motor bus industry is now a powerful and willing force for defense. It is putting America's highways to work, smoothing out bottlenecks, rounding out the entire transportation picture—and it is saving materials vital to the national war effort by carrying far more people *per gallon of fuel, per pound of rubber or metal,* than private automobiles.

To the men in the fighting forces, Greyhound's nation-wide service makes possible reunions with relatives, sweethearts and friends, whenever leaves and furloughs can be granted. And motor buses are actively *in the war,* carrying thousands of selected men to military centers, thousands of soldiers in military moves.

To that other army—America's millions, all-out to back their fighting men—motor bus travel has become a vital necessity. It gets defense workers to their jobs—farmers to their markets—teachers and students to school.

Now every one of America's 55,000 motor buses has a new destination sign . . . ***Victory for the U. S. A.!***

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THIS BRINGS FULL-COLOR DEFENSE MAP OF AMERICA

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WE-ALL

The Japanese attack on the United States instantly changed our trend of thought in this country.

Before that attack some of us thought in terms of "I", others in terms of "we". Neither of those terms expresses our feelings today.

"I" represents only one person.

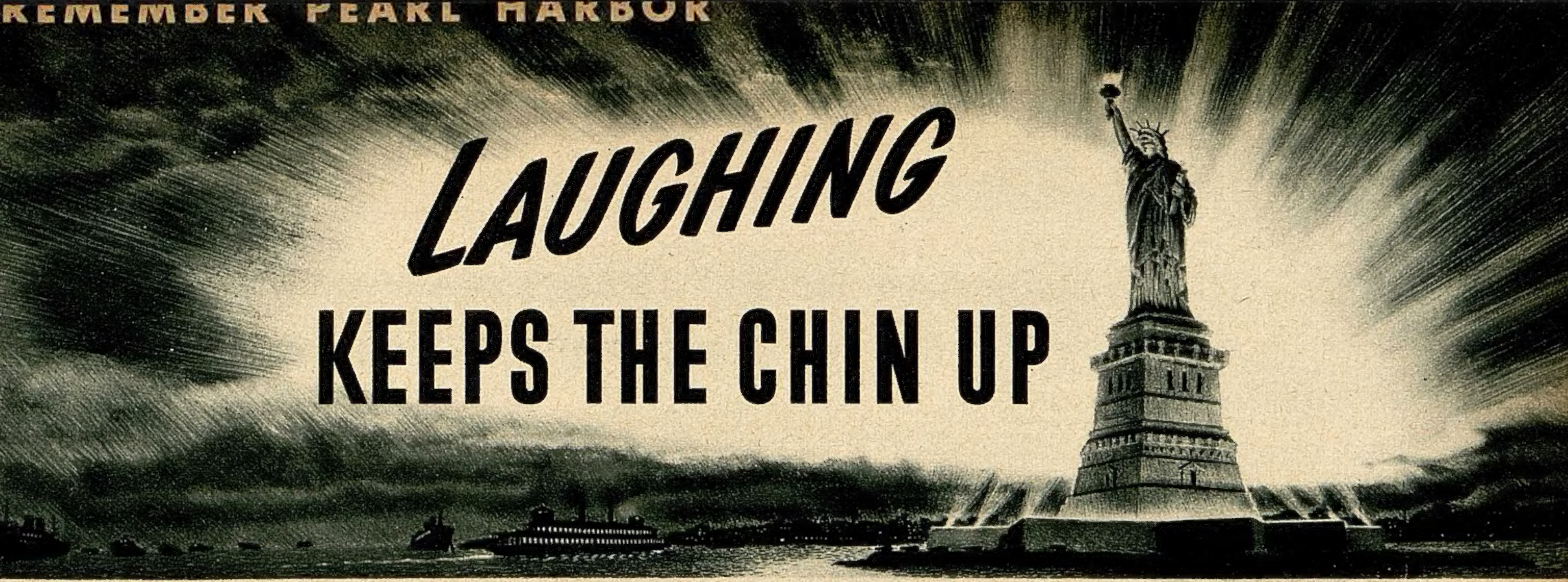
"We" may mean only two or a few persons.

Our slogan now is WE-ALL, which means every loyal individual in the United States.

We are facing a long, hard job, but when the United States decides to fight for a cause, it is in terms of WE-ALL, and nothing can or will stop us.

President Roosevelt, our Commander-in-Chief, can be certain that WE-ALL are back of him, determined to protect our country, our form of government, and the freedoms which we cherish.

President,
International Business Machines Corporation



LAUGHING KEEPS THE CHIN UP

☆ ONE characteristic that sets Americans apart from all other races of men is their sense of humor. Let us hold on to it and never lose it. We are going to need it! In all candor, we need it now. The news from the Far East is bad. At home we have begun by rationing tires, and will end God knows where or when. Men and women in streets, in back yards, at bars, and wherever Americans meet together, are beginning to scowl and ask questions:

What's the matter with us?

Don't we know what we're doing?

Why does the other side always seem to get the jump on us?

Why in hell don't we bomb Tokyo?

Why didn't we get some relief to our brave men at Wake?

Why did we trust the yellow barbarians not to bomb Manila just because we called it an open city?

Why did the United States army pay no attention to Major Alexander P. de Seversky, famous airplane designer, when he urged that we double the fire power of our pursuit planes and also double their flying range?

Why don't we *do* something?

The mood reflected by such questions is at once healthful and dangerous. If we were not ourselves on the alert to any weakness in our government, we should deserve any fate that fell upon us. On the other hand, if we get ourselves into such a state of mind that everything we do, and every one we have doing it for us, seems wrong, if natural interest and anxiety turn into nagging contempt and derision, we will then have a demoralization of spirit which may bring us to defeat.

Nothing worth while was ever done in this world without exuberance of spirit, and that comes from confidence, from faith.

We must never lose that faith in ourselves and in our coming victory. And that is where we need our American sense of humor.

We seem to be slow? Sure! That's what Hitler has always said about democracies! Slow—like the mills of the gods!

Sure, we would like to bomb Tokyo, and Osaka too, which is the Japanese equivalent of Pittsburgh and Detroit—and some day we shall bomb them. Just now we haven't the planes. They have been used in another battle of the same war.

We've already made great mistakes? Sure! Secretary Knox was worth a fleet of battleships in his own person when he flew to Honolulu, saw the evidence for himself, came back to indict both the Navy and the Army for not being on the alert. As long as we admit our errors promptly and completely, and learn from them—no kick coming from us, buddy.

Experience is only another name for past mistakes!

We must face our mistakes and our slowness with an American grin. That wide and toothy facial expression means more to the world than it may seem. It is not the naïve smile of a childlike, trusting, ineffective race, as the Germans, the Italians, and the Yellows have always believed. It is, instead, the outward symbol of an inner grace; the public revelation of a private philosophy, strong, deep, and terrifying; an impudence and an audacity beyond the comprehension of other peoples. It is the grin of people who have no patience with grand gestures or phony poses; people of few words and hard action, with a readiness to die for a great cause, a readiness expressed not in postures but with a prayer in the heart and a wisecrack on the lips.

When the fighting starts, these Americans speak and act with their own peculiar and audacious impudence.

The Englishman, facing machine-gun fire, cries, "Carry on"—and carries on!

The Frenchman screams, *"La patrie!"* and rushes forward into the furnace.

The Russian praises the Revolution and begins to advance.

The Chinese give squeals of defiance as they throw themselves into the fray.

But the American sergeant at Belleau Wood looks at his company, spits inelegantly, and roars:

"Come on, you - - - - - - - - - - - - -! Do you want to live forever?"

Only an American talks like that. Only Americans fight as our men fought in Belleau Wood. Our fighting spirit has in it the meaning and character of our own audacity and impudence.

We must never lose our American sense of humor. In its own way, it will prove our salvation.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LONG VIGIL

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Sometimes into three days you are permitted to put all the love and all the longing, and the completion.

☆ ONLY in recent years had the road been paved and widened. Now there was tanbark upon it, and the old trees leaning above loosened their hold upon the autumnal leaves quietly, slowly, as if they feared the small dry rustle of a leaf drifting idly to the ground. At the two nearest intersections signs warned against unnecessary noise, by order of the selectman. Those who lived upon this block asked themselves as they looked at the white house set far back from the sidewalk, How is she today?

Trees bordered the sidewalk—very old trees which had seen farms and pastures and stone walls wrested painfully from the New England soil.

The swift October dusk came like the sudden descent of dark wings; a mist rose; and the smell of burning brush was heavy on the soft, melancholy air. A star looked out as Miss Parsons, the night nurse, came hurrying down the street and went into the white house. Lights were blooming in the lower hall and living room, and Miss Parsons went quietly up the stairs to the room where she changed into her uniform and exchanged greetings with Mrs. Harding, the day nurse. Miss Parsons took the neat chart from her colleague's hand.

"Dr. Renwick's here?" she asked.

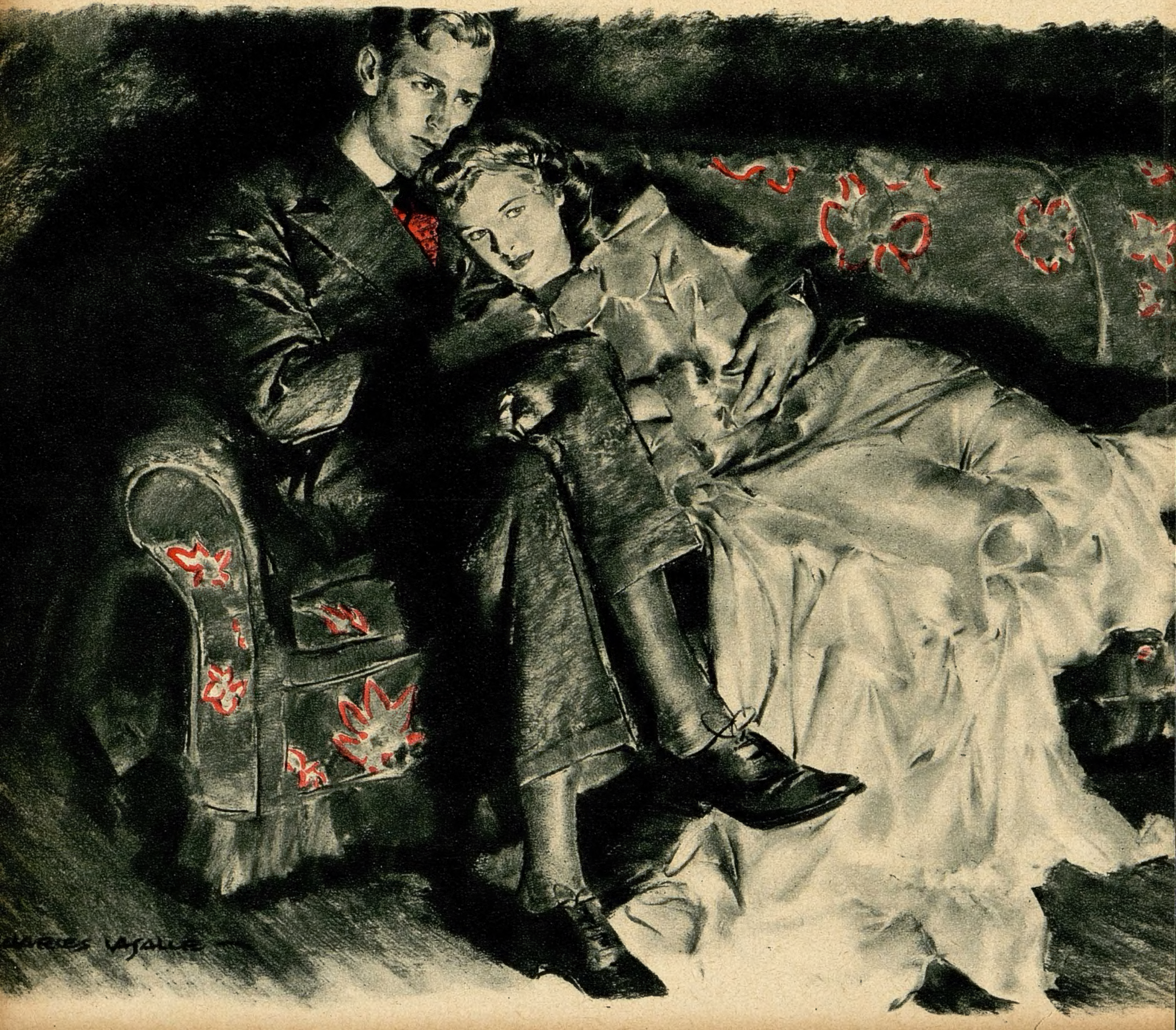
"Yes. He's staying here tonight."

He had been staying for several nights; but there was something in the way Mrs. Harding said it. She added, "Mrs. Renwick's here, too."

"I see."

Mrs. Harding said, as though continuing an old argument, "I still don't see why the hospital—"

Miss Parsons said briskly, "She couldn't bear the hospital. And, after all, everything's been done—every-



e love each other," she said—
et it be as if we were ghosts."
d so it was—for twenty years!

thing possible. She wanted to be here, among her own things . . . Her husband understands that; and the doctor. They talked it over—I was here—that night. After all," she added, "they've been neighbors for twenty-five years, and the closest friends."

Every one knew about the Renwicks and the Watsons. Between the two houses lawns stretched, flowers bloomed, free of hedge or fence. The three Watson children, the two Renwick children had played back and forth, running in and out of the two houses.

Miss Parsons left the room, the chart in her hand, and Mrs. Harding, starting to dress, wondered whether she should speak to Mrs. Renwick. But what could she say? There was nothing she could say.

Besides, Mrs. Renwick was not alone. She was in the small upstairs living room still so identified with Elizabeth Watson that it seemed to her friend that it was filled with her even now. In this room during the past twenty-five years they had found solace and peace and laughter. Here they had drunk tea together, sewed on baby clothes, darned socks, told their private jokes, gossiped and argued.

"Your cousin isn't coming. Will you lunch with me?"

ILLUSTRATOR
CHARLES LA SALLE

Sarah Renwick thought, I can't get along without her—and found, to her astonishment, that she had spoken aloud; for Ellen, her daughter, sitting there under a bridge lamp turning the pages of her magazine, said quickly, "Mother dear—please!"

Sarah was a small woman who had once been very pretty. She was still pretty in a fragile, nervous way. She had tiny feet and hands, but lately she had grown fat. Elizabeth too. She remembered the diets they had discussed, and hidden from their husbands, and their attempt at exercising. "It's no use," Elizabeth had sighed. "We're long past the glamour-girl stage."

But since her illness Elizabeth had grown very thin.

"She's fifty-five," said Sarah. "That's too young." She shuddered, and added more quietly, "I'm fifty-four."

Ellen asked, "Mother . . . do you suppose Tom will get here in time?"

Tom Watson, Elizabeth's older son, and Ellen had been engaged since—oh, for years. He was working now in San Francisco. They were to be married in the spring.

Her mother said, "In time? How can you talk like that?"

"There's no use kidding ourselves," said the girl quietly. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Where are the others?"

The others were Lester Renwick, home from college for the week-end, the younger Watson boy, Peter, and little Sally, who was Sarah's namesake and just twenty. Sally was the youngest of the lot. Her godmother thought, Now I can even forgive her for not loving Lester. Of course he'll get over it.

Ellen said, "Up in Sally's room . . . the old nursery."

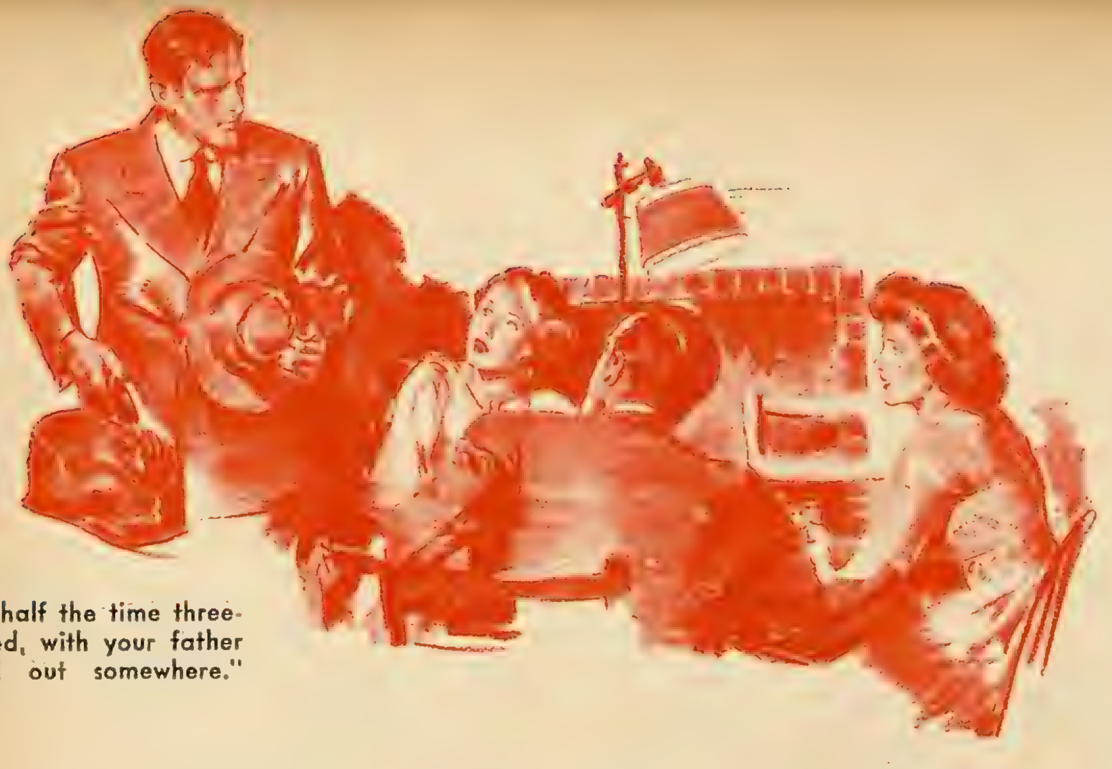
"I remember," said her mother, "when Sally was born, and less than a year later my Ronnie was born—and died. If it hadn't been for Elizabeth I would have lost my mind. I wanted him so much . . ."

She looked at her daughter. "I don't think young people nowadays know much about friendship. This kind of friendship."

Ellen didn't hear. She said, "I wonder if she's conscious?"

Elizabeth was not conscious. She lay very still against the pillows, her eyes closed. They were the bluest eyes in the world, even now. Her hair, which had once been a bright and valiant auburn, was turning gray. She had been beautiful; she was still beautiful. The flesh was almost gone, the fine bones were salient. Suffering marked her mouth, but there was peace on her eyelids.

Miss Parsons quietly did the things



". . . half the time three-handed, with your father called out somewhere."

she was told to do. Dr. James Renwick sat beside the bed. He was a lanky man, very stooped, and his thick hair was quite white. He had a brown and listing face and his eyes were heavy from lack of sleep. Across from him sat his closest friend, Elizabeth's husband. He had thickened about the waist, but his eyes were youthful and his hair dark.

He spoke now, very softly. "You must be worn out," he said.

Dr. Renwick shook his head. "I'm all right," he answered. He added after a moment: "She doesn't hear you, Bill; you needn't whisper. Look, why don't you go in and talk to Sarah for a while? Ask Mary to make you some coffee. I'll call you if—"

Watson rose. He was no longer youthful as he went toward the door. He was fifty-seven. Tonight they were both old men.

The door closed behind him, and Dr. Renwick sat very still, his eyes on his patient's unaltering face.

Bill Watson went slowly down the corridor and into the living room. "No change," he said. Then, to Ellen, "Run downstairs, will you, dear, and ask Mary to make coffee?"

Ellen rose, and he watched her go, tall and slim, lovely. He said to her mother, "Ellen grows prettier every day."

Sarah Renwick nodded. "Have you heard from Tom again?"

"He'll be here in the morning."

"I remember," said Sarah, "when you and Elizabeth moved here to live. James and I had been here only two years and James' practice was just getting under way. I asked him, 'What sort of neighbors do you think they'll be?' "

"We got together," said Bill Watson, "over the hedge—something about your dog, if I remember."

"Once," said Sarah, "I had a dreadful fight with Elizabeth." She looked up shyly, and for a moment he saw her as she had been when first he knew her, small and delicate, scatterbrained and sweet. "It was about a dress, I think—no, something about the Garden Club . . . I've forgotten. Anyway, we quarreled, and I thought, I'll make James put up the hedge again. And then I couldn't stand it—even then she was like a sister to me—so I ran across the lawn, and there she was, coming to meet me more than halfway. She said, 'I have been thinking how foolish we've been.' She said, 'Life's so short, Sarah.' "

They were silent, and frightened.

Ellen came back into the room. She said, "Mary's going to bring coffee and cookies upstairs, into the nursery."

The old nursery had once been a playroom for five children, the three Watsons, the two Renwicks. Then it had been turned into a bedroom for Sally.

They were playing three-handed bridge: Lester Renwick, who looked very like his father, Sally Watson, who was even prettier than her mother had been at her age, and her brother Peter, who was twenty-two and working in an airplane factory.

Peter jumped up as the door opened. His face was a mask of panic. Bill Watson said quietly, "There isn't any change. Sit down—all of you. Here, Sarah, try the couch." He sat down, himself, in a big shabby chair. He said, "Mary's bringing coffee."

In this room there had been many coffee parties as the children grew older. Before that, nursery tea, complete with dolls.

In this room Lester had first proposed to Sally. She was eighteen then, and had refused him. Then she cried because she hated to hurt him.

"How," she had asked her mother, "do you *know* you're in love?"

Her mother had replied astonishingly, "You don't, always. Sometimes it is like a bolt of lightning. One moment you aren't, the next you are. It was like that with your father and me," she had explained, smiling. "We were sitting on the steps of the auditorium after the big dance. He was graduating that year, but I had two more years to go. There was a moon and a lake. Up till then he was like any other boy I'd known, except that I was very flattered—he was captain of the football team and a senior, and I was a mere sophomore with nothing much to recommend me. Red hair and freckles, too. But—"

She was silent, and Sally asked, "You say it's like that sometimes? Not always?"

"No," her mother had answered, "not always. Sometimes it's a slow, steady growth, imperceptible. You don't know it until it's a part of you, deep in your bones and your blood."

Sally remembered how blue her eyes had been, how they had shone.

"No one can tell you about love and loving," her mother said. "There are so many kinds—so many degrees. The least worthy mustn't be discounted. There's so little love in the world, Sally, and you may fall in and out of love a dozen times before you really know. You see, my dear, most women could be happy enough with any one of half a dozen men—happy, content, loyal." She was silent a moment and then went on. She said, "It is the man you'd be unhappy without—"

Bill Watson rose. He said, "I'm going downstairs again."

They watched him go. Peter said helplessly, "If there were only *something* . . ."

There was nothing they could do. Sarah, rousing herself, put her hands to her hair. "I'll play," she said.

No one wanted to play bridge. No one really played it. You dealt and sorted and laid down your cards. You thought of other things. But you had to do something.

"You and your bridge game," her son said gently.

"I know it's bad," said his mother defensively. "It's been one of the real trials of your father's life." She smiled a little. "We've always played, we four, twice a week. Of course half the time three-handed, with your father always called out somewhere. He and—and Elizabeth played such a good game. Bill and I weren't as good." She had forgotten the formalities—Uncle Bill, Aunt Elizabeth. "But they were very patient with us. Once I trumped your father's ace, Peter. That was way back, before contract even. I remember how he looked at me, half smiling. And said something—some quotation, I don't know what. Bill and I didn't know what he was talking about. I remember how Elizabeth laughed. But I was so ashamed I could have cried. I did, I think."

Peter, shuffling the cards idly,

(*Continued on page 52*)

Bill was his closest friend.

JAPAN'S OUTLINE FOR MURDER

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"We must crush the United States!" Back through the years, documents prove mad plans to rule the world

BY CARL CROW

Noted authority on the Orient; author of Four Hundred Million Customers, etc.

☆ AFTER almost ninety years of watching and waiting, Japan attacked the United States by dropping bombs on Pearl Harbor. The little brown warriors had decided that they could now drive us out of Hawaii and thus gain complete mastery over the Pacific. With control of Asia and the Pacific, a few more generations might complete the program for domination of the world.

That is the dream that had spurred the Japanese to such feverish activities, sent students to our schools by the thousands, and turned an agricultural into an industrial nation almost overnight.

The men and women who had sullenly watched Commodore Perry's black fleet sail into Yokohama harbor in the summer of 1853 were dead. The present emperor is the great-grandson of the emperor to whom Commodore Perry brought such strange presents as a miniature railway train, a telegraph line, and a barrel of bourbon whisky—gifts which were contemptuously stored away in a warehouse. But succeeding generations remembered the memorial which Lord Hotta, the leading statesman of Japan, had presented to the emperor when it became apparent that the centuries of isolation of the island empire had come to an end.

It was a long document, full of boasts about the superiority of the Japanese race to all others. One significant phrase provides an explanation of the foreign policy since followed by the Japanese:

". . . and in establishing relations with foreign countries, the object should always be kept in view of laying the foundation for securing our rule over all nations."

Lord Hotta described in some detail how this ultimate goal was to be reached. Alliances were to be made wherever they were to the advantage of Japan. Friendships should be cultivated on all sides. Weak neighboring nations were to be absorbed under the pretense of protecting them. Japan itself was to be strengthened in every way. The ultimate goal would only be reached when:

". . . the nations of the world will come to look on our Emperor as the Great Ruler of all nations and they will come to follow our policy and submit themselves to our judgment."

This program for a deceptive foreign policy (predating Hitler's Mein Kampf, etc.) which would lead to the conquest of the world was presented to the emperor and received imperial approval. According to Japanese opinion, that made it "immutable" and a program which every subject of Japan was bound to support.

ACME PHOTO

This child is the Mikado's son and heir, Crown Prince Akihito.

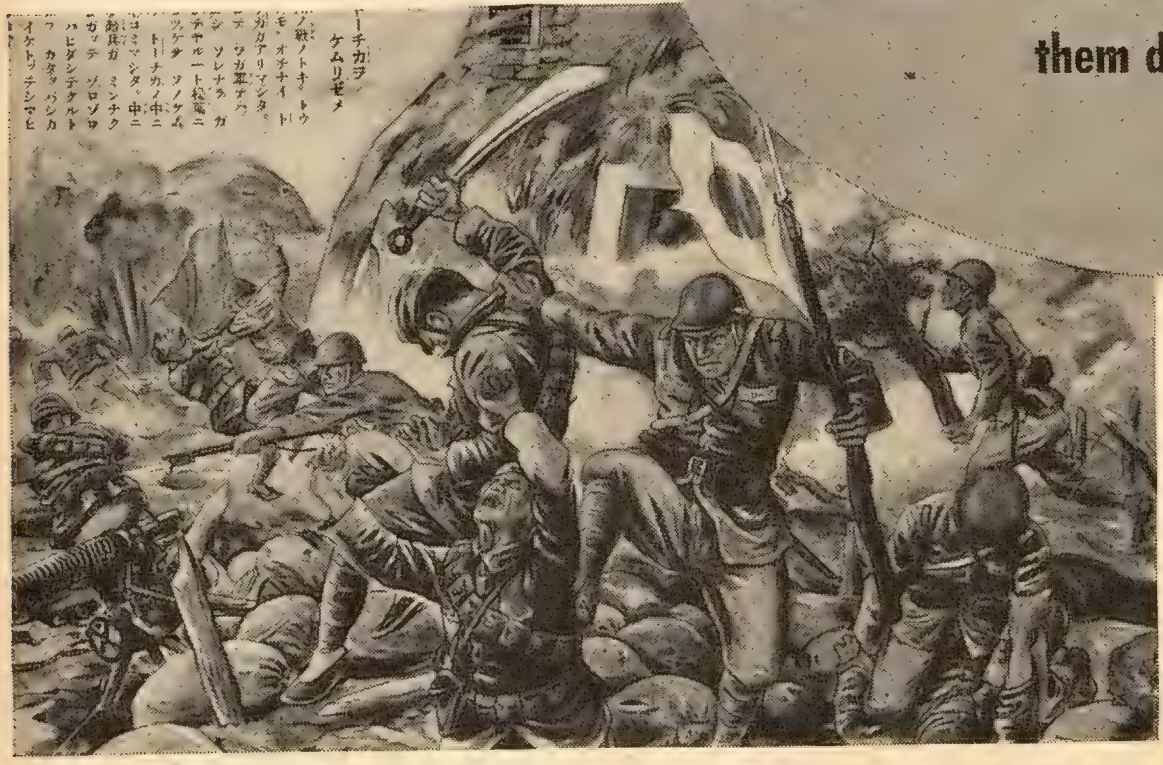
The idea that Japan should rule the world was not a new one, even then. In the latter part of the sixteenth century Hideyoshi, an illegitimate stableboy who rose to be a great general, actually started out to conquer the world but got no farther than Korea. Since that time every Japanese schoolboy has been taught that he might possibly be the one chosen to carry out the fulfillment of the dream of Hideyoshi.

Lord Hotta's program has never been repudiated by any Japanese statesman. Hundreds have reiterated the policy over and over again in speeches and writings intended only for Japanese. Every success, whether in war or diplomacy, every advance in the development of the commerce, shipping, and industry of the country has been hailed as a step toward that great goal. Lukewarm support of the policy, genuine friendship for foreign nations or the holding of liberal political ideas, has been looked on as a base form of treason. Scores of prominent men, many of them Cabinet members, have been assassinated simply because they were suspected of recognizing the rights of other nations, and the assassins have never received more than a nominal punishment.

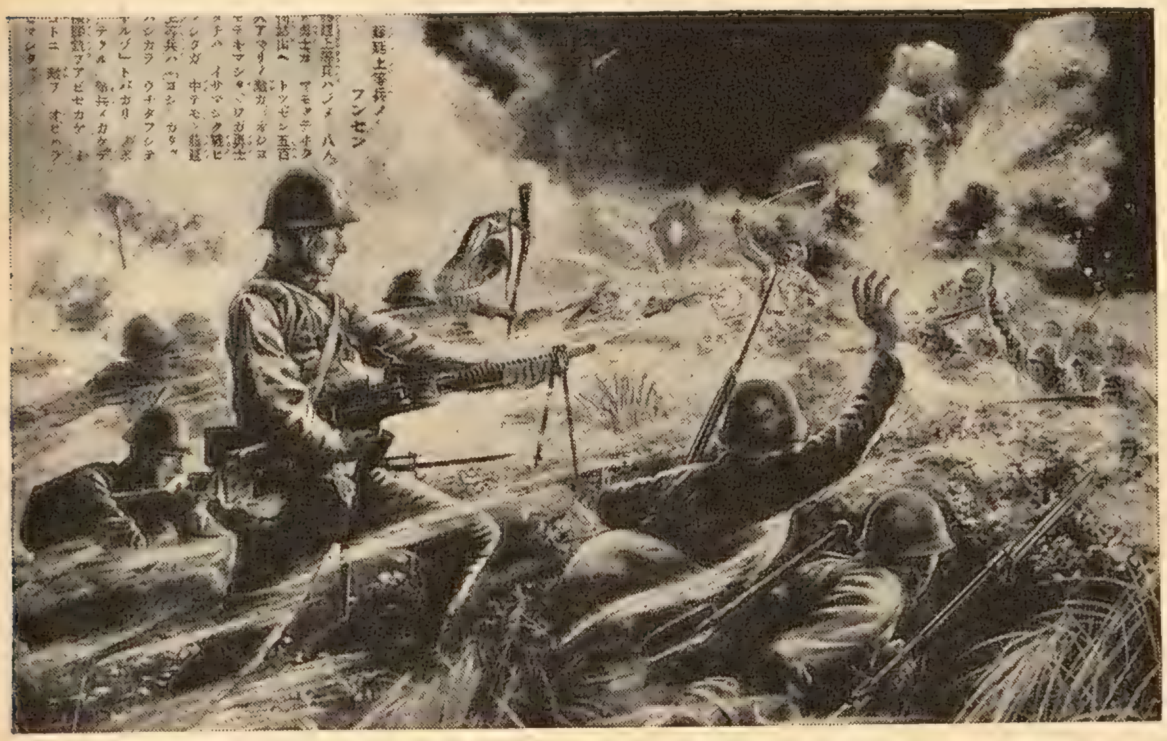
Japan's progress was rapid. Successful wars against China and Russia brought Korea and Formosa under the Japanese flag and provided toe holds in Manchuria. The first serious setback came when we peacefully annexed Hawaii, where many Japanese settlers had already been established. Had we not stepped in, Hawaii would undoubtedly have become a Japanese possession. The Japanese government, bitterly disappointed, registered vigorous protests which have never been withdrawn. The Japanese fifth column in Hawaii has been in existence for more than half a century.

TRAINING FOR MURDER

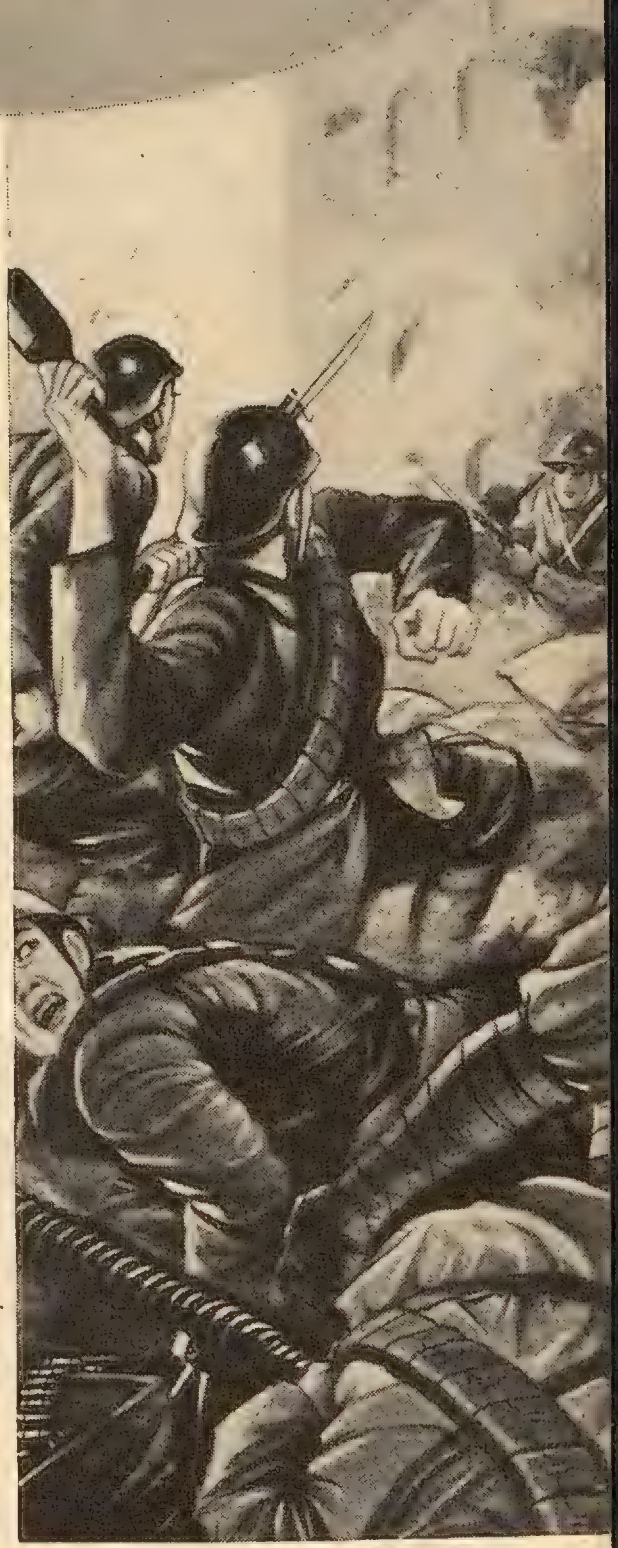
A few pages from army-designed Japanese schoolbooks. These authentic documents were brought to us by Hallett Abend, who "obtained" them during his latest Far-Eastern trip



From the Jap caption: At Haichow "there was a 'tochika' which by all means couldn't bring down. Thereupon our army set pine needles on fire and the smoke blew in the 'tochika.' All the enemy soldiers while creeping out one after another was killed."



"Eight brave privates including the superior private Fujinobo were hard pressed by 500 enemies. Fujinobo, crying 'Well, I will knock them down one after another,' subjected the enemy to the fire of his machine gun and successfully put her to rout."



At Shanghai "a first class blue-jacket, Kaned
seriously wounded at his right hand. Crying
cheeky Chinese soldiers,' he jumped in, the b
in his left hand. Then he mercilessly speare
enemy to death and finally died an honourable d

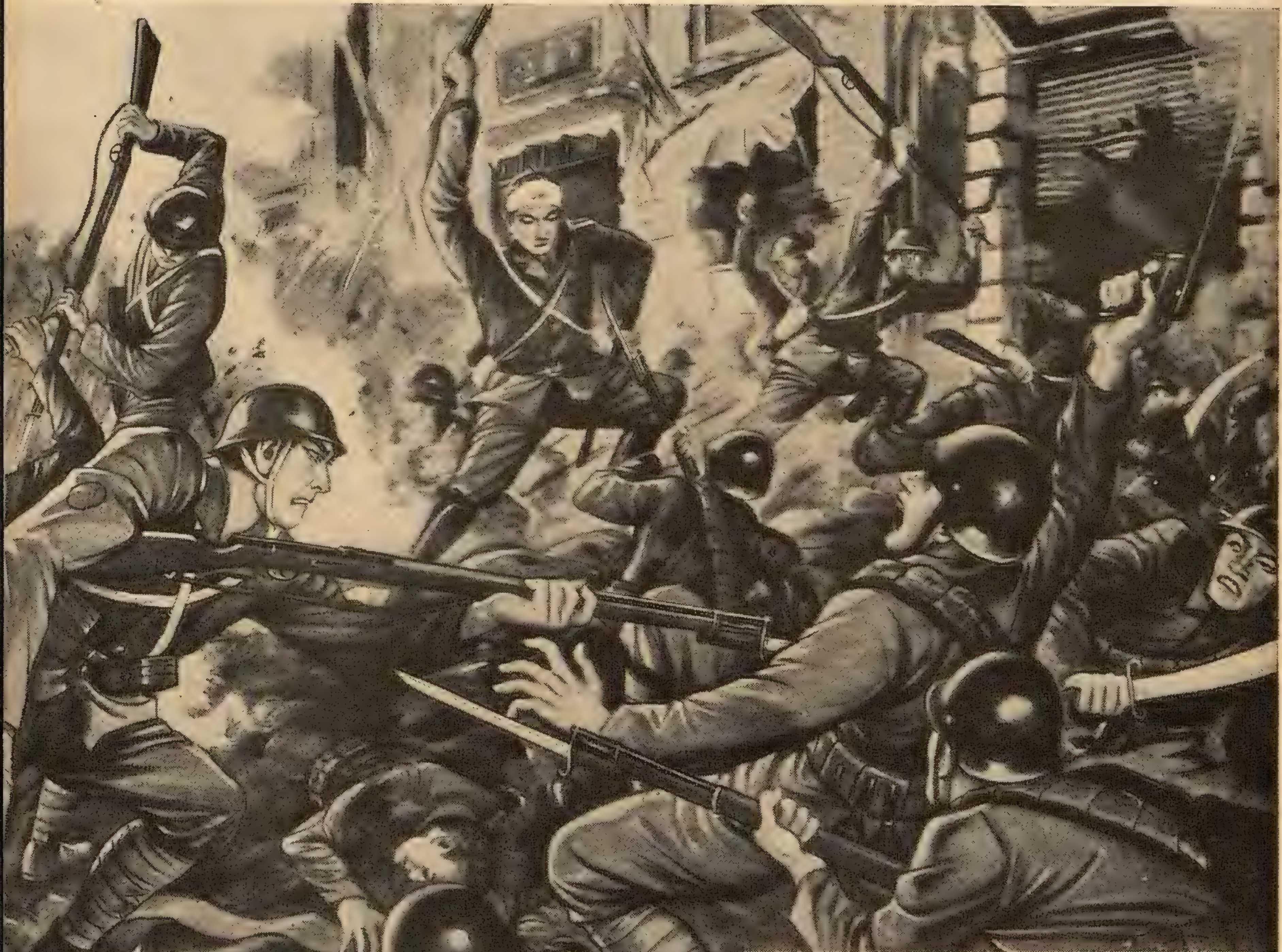
The first World War gave Japan an opportunity. Before entering the war on the side of the Allies she made a sharp bargain which secured her possession of South Sea islands north of the equator. These islands were valueless except as points from which attacks on Wake, Midway, Guam, and Hawaii could be launched.

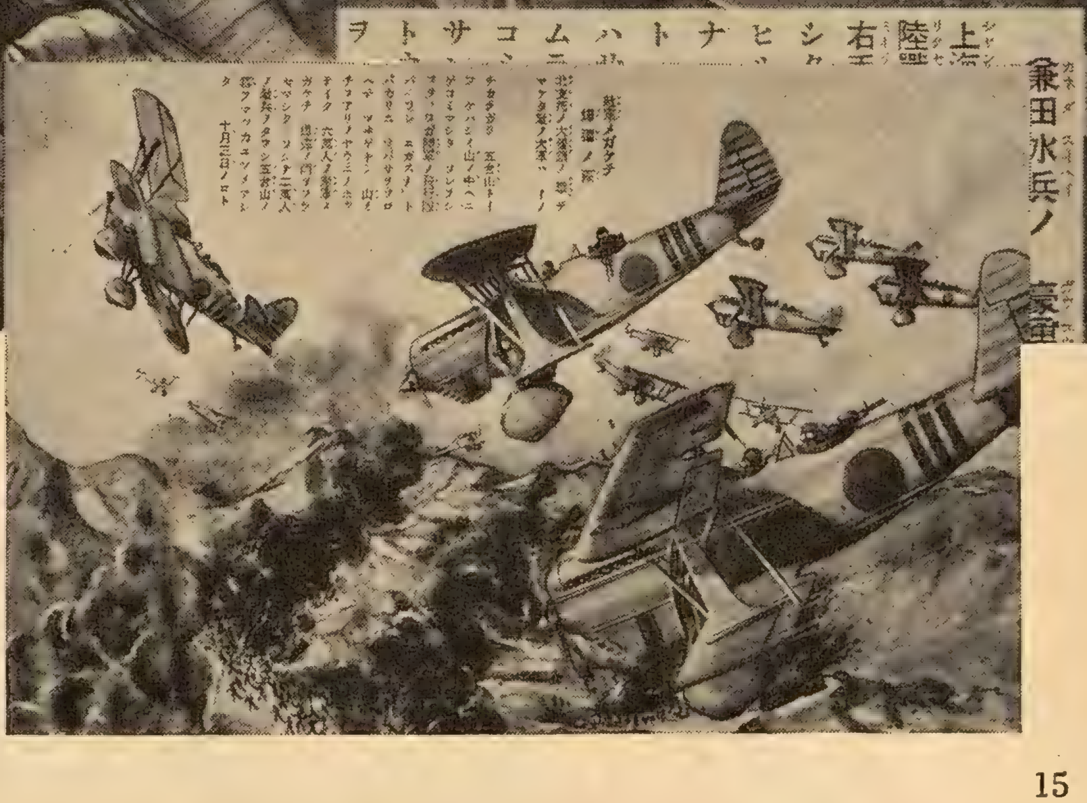
Japan made such progress in carrying out the program of Lord Hotta that in 1927 the military rulers decided it was time to amplify the former memorial. Japan was the strongest Power in east Asia, one of the world's three strong naval powers. The next step was to make secure her rule over the Asiatic continent.

As Premier of Japan, Baron Tanaka, like his predecessor Lord Hotta, called a conference of the leading men of the country and for eleven days they discussed the world political situation and formulated plans. The conference adjourned on July 7, 1927, and two weeks later Baron Tanaka presented the emperor with what is now known as the Tanaka Memorial. It was supposed to be the most secret of documents, its contents known only to high officials. But the conference, held in Mukden, was attended by many minor Japanese consular officials, while attached to the larger consular establishments were a number of Koreans and Manchurian Chinese as clerks and translators. It was doubt-less through these sources that the document became public.

I read a copy of it in Shanghai within two years of the time it was presented to the emperor. Japanese promptly denounced it as a forgery. The world in general accepted the denials. But a few of us who had lived in the Far East for years suspected the sincerity of any Japanese official statement. We believed the document, fantastic as it was, to be genuine. It was clear and detailed, and revealed typical Japanese cynicism and ruthlessness in its plans to violate treaties, deceive the world, and stab friendly Powers in the back. Japanese actions since then have proved it genuine, for the Tanaka program has been followed with meticulous care.

The reason for drawing up such a long and detailed document may be a little difficult for Americans to understand. The outside world is little aware of the mass of conflicting interests which divide Japan. There is, first of all, the extreme jealousy between the army and the navy. Then there are the great capitalists and industrialists, with the special privileges and interests which they maintain by bribery. Inside the army are innumerable cliques. There can be no personal leadership in Japan because of mutual distrust. Whether in large





At right: "A large army of the enemy, defeated, fled in the steep 'Wu-Tai' mountains. The flying corps of our army, thinking 'don't let them escape,' let fall a rain of bombs. 20,000 enemy soldiers were killed and the snow of the 'Wu-Tai' mountains turned deep-red."

matters or small, the only way in which a uniform plan of action can be carried out is by the holding of conferences. Every one has his say, differences are compromised or ironed out, and a general program is adopted which every one is pledged to follow. In matters of state, the results of the conference are handed to the emperor, receive his approval, and thus become a part of the law of the land.

The Tanaka Memorial contains about sixteen thousand words. It covers the whole field of Japan's foreign relations. The successive steps in the program set forth are: (1) the conquest of Manchuria and Inner Mongolia; (2) conquest of China; (3) seizure of minor possessions and colonies, including Hong Kong, Burma, Dutch East Indies, Thailand, Borneo, the Philippines, etc. As this would give Japan control of rubber, tin, and other essential raw materials, our industries would be at Japan's mercy. The climax of all this was to be a war to take possession of Hawaii and destroy the power of the United States.

After describing the resources of Manchuria, Baron Tanaka points out that "the restrictions of the Nine-Power Treaty . . . have reduced our rights and privileges in Manchuria and Mongolia to such an extent that there is no freedom left for us." He referred, of course, to the provisions of that treaty in which the Powers pledged themselves to protect the territorial integrity and sovereignty of China. Soon after this treaty was signed, he continues, the emperor sent him on a secret mission to Europe to discuss getting around this engagement. His mission was successful but, owing to one of the many Cabinet changes in Tokyo, it was impossible to carry out the plan to denounce the treaty. What he now proposed to do was to ignore it—just go ahead.

* * *

HE insisted that the matter was urgent and the situation dangerous. What he was most afraid of was the fact that Manchuria was making "astonishing progress." It would be easy to seize that part of China now, but more difficult later on. The memorial continues:

"For the sake of self-protection, as well as the protection of others, Japan cannot remove the difficulties in eastern Asia unless she adopts a policy of 'blood and iron.' But in carrying out this policy we have to face the United States, which has been turned against us by China's policy of fighting poison with poison. In the future, if we want to control China, we must first crush the United States, just as in the past we had to fight the Russo-Japanese War. But in order to conquer China, we must first conquer Manchuria and Mongolia. In order to conquer the world, we must first conquer China. If we succeed in conquering China, the rest of the Asiatic countries and the South Seas countries will fear us and surrender to us. The world will then realize that eastern Asia is ours and will not dare to violate our rights."

Haste was necessary, and Baron Tanaka complains bitterly about the treaties Japan had entered into. He says the "proposed reduction of military armament is nothing but a means to limit our military strength, making it impossible for us to conquer the vast territories of China.

"Far more dangerous," he continues, "is the fact that the people of China might some day wake up. Even during these years of military strife, they can still toil patiently, try to imitate and displace our goods. . . . We must beware lest some day China become unified and her industries become prosperous."

He had a plan which could be put into operation while still pretending to adhere to the Nine-Power Treaty.

* * *

"THE way to gain actual rights in Manchuria and Mongolia," he said, "is to use this region as a base and, under the pretense of trade and commerce, penetrate the rest of China. Armed by the rights already secured, we shall seize the resources all over the country. Having China's entire resources at our disposal, we shall proceed to conquer India, the archipelago of Asia Minor, Central Asia, and even Europe."

Another point in his program was the building up of a fifth-column organization in Manchuria and Mongolia which would work with the petty princes of those territories, who, he says, had been bribed. "There are already," he says, "nineteen Japanese retired military officers in the house of Tushihyih [one of the Mongolian princes]. We have already acquired monopoly rights for the purchase of wool, the purchase of real estate, and the exploitation of mines. Hereafter we shall send secretly more retired officers to live among them. They should wear Chinese clothes. Scattered in the territory of the princes, they may engage in farming, herding, or dealing in wool. As to the other principalities, we can employ the same method. Everywhere we should station our retired military officers so as to dominate the princes' affairs. After a large number of our people have moved into Inner and Outer Mongolia, we shall then buy lands at one tenth of their worth and begin the cultivation of rice where feasible, in order to relieve the shortage in our own food supply. . . .

"While the Chinese and Soviet governments are engaging their attention elsewhere, it is our opportunity quietly to build our influence. Once we have purchased most of the land, there will be no room for dispute as to whether Mongolia belongs to the Japanese or to the Mongolians. Aided by our military prowess, we shall realize our positive policy. In order to carry out this plan we should appropriate one million yen from the secret funds of the army so that four hundred retired officers, disguised as teachers and Chinese citizens, may be sent into Inner and Outer Mongolia. They will gain the confidence of the Mongolian princes, acquire from them rights to pasturage and mining, and so lay the foundation of our national interests for the next four hundred years."

Baron Tanaka describes each railway line of Manchuria and comments on its economic and military importance. "From now on," he says, "we must . . . build circuit lines to circle the heart of Manchuria and Mongolia in order that we may hamper China's military, political, and economic development and prevent the penetration of Russian influence. . . . Meantime we should still secretly befriend Russia in order to hamper the growth of Chinese influence. It was largely with this purpose in view that Baron Goto invited Joffre [Russian Ambassador to China] to this country and advocated a resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia."

There are many shameless phrases openly proposing treacherous stabs in the backs of friendly Powers. The finances of Manchuria were to be manipulated in order to bring about provincial bankruptcy. While plans were being laid to freeze out all other foreign interests in Manchuria, there was to be much talk about "equal opportunities," with invitations for the investment of foreign capital. But foreign capitalists were to have no voice in the management of companies and profits were to go to Japanese nationals. Manchurian railways were to carry freight for Japanese subjects at a special low rate, thus freezing out all foreign competition. Mongolian princes were to be bribed to oppress Chinese settlers so that they would abandon their lands. All this was to be only in preparation for the final grand objective—to crush the power of the United States.

Baron Tanaka complains that plans for Japanese aggression often leak out and then "we are suddenly brought under the check of world opinion." The future policy was to be to strike swiftly and secretly.

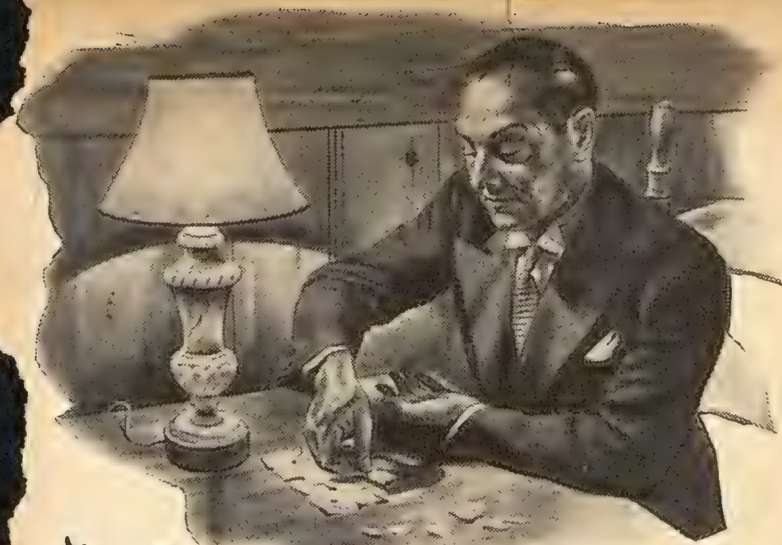
* * *

THE world knows how thoroughly that policy has been carried out. On the morning of September 18, 1931, the world awoke to learn that Japanese troops had occupied Mukden and were taking possession of all of Manchuria. Baron Tanaka had been dead two years, but his policies were being carried out. There had been no declaration of war, no complaints. The troops just attacked and easily disarmed a sleeping and unsuspecting garrison.

The second step came on July 7, 1937, the tenth anniversary of the adjournment of the Mukden conference which led to the writing of the memorial. Japanese troops attacked Chinese forces near Peiping. Again there was no declaration of war, no diplomatic representations. The attack was made on a sleeping and unsuspecting garrison.

The third step came on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, with the similarly treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor.

THE END



LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES

BY MINDRET LORD

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ LARKS was a tall cadaverous man whose long face was permanently set in lines of polite gloom. There was something funereal in the way he moved and spoke.

The morning began exactly as usual. Larks rose at seven, bathed, shaved, and dressed himself in the subdued costume of his station. While water heated for coffee, he went through the living room to the study, removed the wastebasket from beside the desk, and carried it back to his own small room next to the kitchen. Beneath his bed were four box files neatly labeled, "Business, 1938 to 1941; Business, 1941; Social, Unclassified." Into one or another of these repositories went the contents of the wastebasket. Everything was filed away with thoughtful care. Occasionally, when Larks came upon a sheet of paper that had been torn into small shreds, he was inclined to be rather annoyed with his employer. It sometimes required a deal of trouble to glue them back together again.

The newspaper arrived in time so that Larks could read it while he ate his breakfast. He read it very methodically. Having finished with it, he folded it accurately and placed it on Mr. Saltonstall's tray.

Mr. Saltonstall rang for his breakfast promptly at nine. He was a gray-haired, ruddy-cheeked, military-looking man who had never been so much as close to the army. He liked quiet and comfort. He liked Larks because Larks was quiet and comfortable.

Larks set the breakfast tray on Mr. Saltonstall's knees and pulled back the heavy drapes at the windows.

"What sort of day is it, Larks?"

"Quite gray, sir. The forecast was 'Cloudy in the morning, clearing in the afternoon.'"

"Anything in the paper?"

"It is believed that the situation in the Far East is somewhat deteriorating, and it is feared that there may be a grave reaction in Wall Street. But outside of that, sir, nothing of any great importance, I believe. Unless it might be a rather curious item about a young lady who is reported to have committed suicide."

"What's that?"

"A young person named Miss Roberta Hines, sir. It seems she took poison last night and was found in her apartment at 914 East 80th early this morning. It is stated that she left some sort of note."

"Well? Well? What's curious about that?"

"Nothing, sir. I just wondered if the note might read"—Larks gazed at the ceiling, concentrating—"'I have to do it. I can't stand this any longer. I'm desperate—and I'm not afraid.' I thought perhaps it might be signed 'Bobby' and be written on a half sheet of mauve paper."

Mr. Saltonstall picked up the newspaper and started to fumble with it. "Does it say all that in here?"

"Oh, no, sir! It just says there was a note. But, sir—could that poor young lady be *our* Miss Hines?"

Mr. Saltonstall stared disgustedly at the remains of his breakfast. At last he said, "We will discuss this later, Larks. You may take the tray."

"Yes, sir." Larks removed the tray with the dignified sorrow of a professional pallbearer.

This was extremely upsetting. Mr. Saltonstall had believed that not a soul in the world knew about the affair. He had used a name that was not his own; they had never been seen together anywhere. She had left the letter at her apartment for him weeks ago—about the time she had really begun to threaten. It meant, simply, that Larks had gone through his pockets. Probably Larks also had the first sheet of the letter, in which she made it clear that what she intended was not suicide but legal action. And the two sheets would match, of course.

It was nearly eleven before he went down to the study and rang. Larks appeared in the doorway and said, "Yes, sir?" with sad resignation.

"You may sit down, Larks."

"Thank you, sir." He remained standing.

"Now, then—I should like you to tell me just why you think I would be interested in the—ah—matter you mentioned this morning."

"Oh, sir!" Larks murmured.

"Very well. You referred to a *half* sheet of note paper?"

"I thought it was rather careless of you, sir, to discard the other half. So I retained it."

"I shall want that, of course. You have it with you?"

"Yes, sir." Larks touched his breast pocket.

Mr. Saltonstall smiled. "You will want to travel, I suppose?"

"Very probably, sir. South America, I suppose. It's too late for Paris."

"Yes; that's a pity. You know I have only about five thousand in the bank?"

"Six thousand and twelve, sir. And some cents. But there are the bonds, sir. I thought, at the time, we were wise to invest in them. All perfectly negotiable."

"Well!" said Mr. Saltonstall. "Your methods are very thorough."

"Yes, sir. And there was the twelve hundred dollars in the wall safe—"

"There was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! Well, I'll write you a check for five thousand and you can cash it this morning." He swung around and opened the desk drawer.

After a moment Larks said, "*Six* thousand, if you please, sir. If you're looking for the revolver, I'm afraid I abstracted it."

Mr. Saltonstall removed the checkbook and closed the drawer. "Larks," he said, "you are a rogue."

"Yes, sir," said Larks.

Mr. Saltonstall wrote the check and handed it over.

"Thank you, sir," said Larks.

"I would suggest you cash it immediately. I may have some unpaid checks outstanding."

"Thank you, sir. And you will arrange about the bonds while I am gone?"

"I will."

Larks bowed and retired. In a short while Mr. Saltonstall saw him leave the house by the front door; but he did not know that Larks promptly reentered by the back door.

Mr. Saltonstall was speaking over the telephone to the Detective Bureau: "I'm afraid he's gone quite mad, poor fellow. Held me up at the point of a gun and forced me to write a check for six thousand dollars. Said he'd killed a young woman—Hines, or Pines, if I'm not mistaken. Even told me how. Something about using half of a letter. Had the other half in his pocket. I'm sure you'll have no difficulty catching him at the bank."

When Mr. Saltonstall put the instrument back on the hook, Larks shot him through the head.

It would be impossible to cash the check now, and the bonds were simply out of the question. It was disheartening to have worked four years for a paltry twelve hundred dollars. One could never get very far on that amount.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

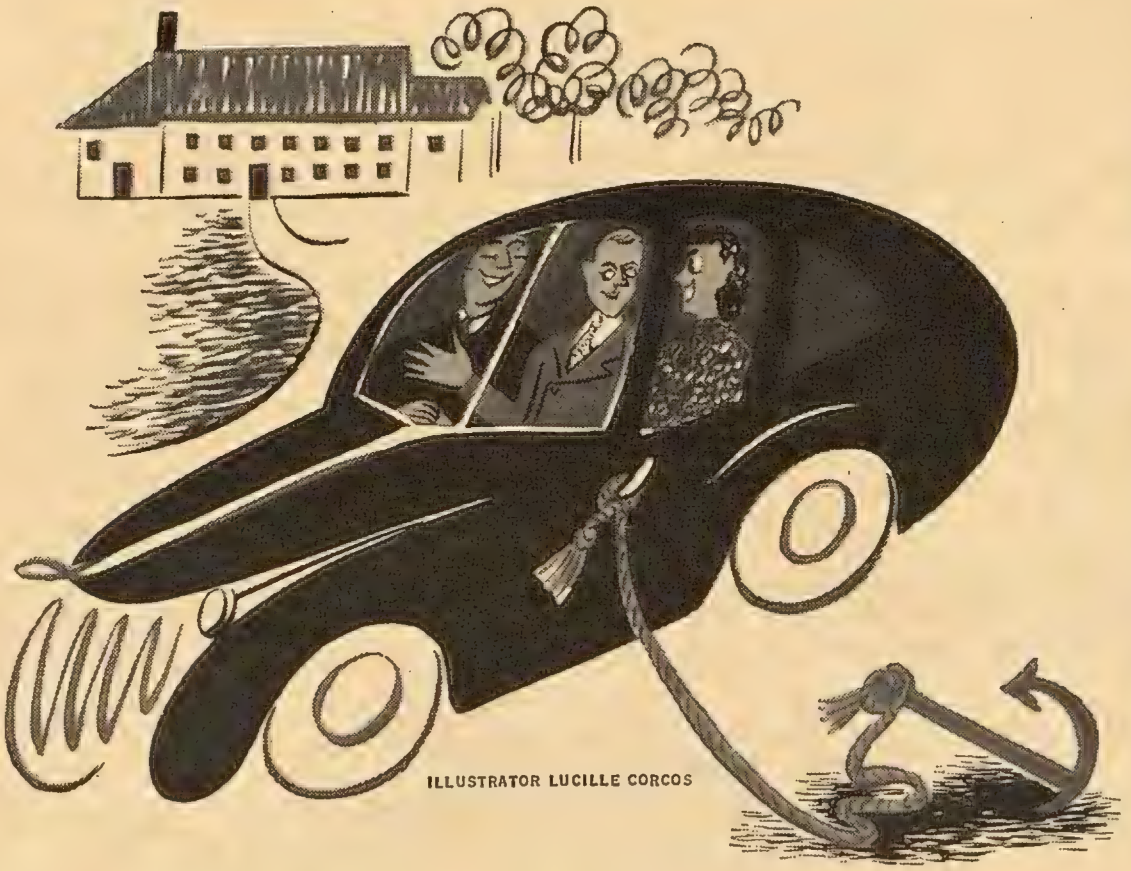
10 FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD LAUGH

Goldwyn, Chaplin—An all-star short subject wherein any resemblance to real persons or places is intentional

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Famous Hollywood Columnist


ILLUSTRATOR LUCILLE CORCOS

☆ I HAVE been covering the Hollywood beat for some years and during that time I have heard many stories. The following are my favorites.

Stories about the cinema city start with Sam Goldwyn. This astute producer of fine pictures has been quoted more than any person in Hollywood. Remarks such as "include me out," and "a verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on," are now classics. However, my favorite Goldwyn story is no one-line snap Goldwynism. It's a yarn that throws a spotlight on the man.

Goldwyn summoned Edward Chodorov to his office to discuss writing a scenario. Chodorov had read the original story, didn't like it; didn't think it would make a good picture, and told Goldwyn so. Of course he didn't get the job. The story was made under the title, Woman Chases Man, and was one of Goldwyn's few failures.

Fade out. Fade in, several years later. Goldwyn was in search of a writer to work on The Real Glory. The new story editor suggested Eddie Chodorov. Goldwyn almost hit the ceiling. "Never mention that name to me," he said. "I won't have him around. He was connected with one of my worst flops!"

☆ ANOTHER Hollywood character is the former prizefighter, who turned into a good comedian, Maxie Rosenbloom. "Slapsie Maxie" had made a name as a clown in the ring, and when he started to work in pictures, directors realized that he hadn't been kidding. He once told me to be careful of a certain fellow, that "he would punch me in the nose behind my back." Of the many Rosenbloom yarns, the one I consider priceless is the time Maxie was on his way to the Twentieth Century-Fox studio to work in a picture. The prizefighter was driving along Santa Monica Boulevard in his car when he almost collided with another car. In it were two young collegiate lads on their way to U. C. L. A., and Maxie shouted at them. The two boys hollered right back and threatened to beat him up. Maxie leaned out of his car and said, "You wouldn't talk that way to me if I were in condition!"

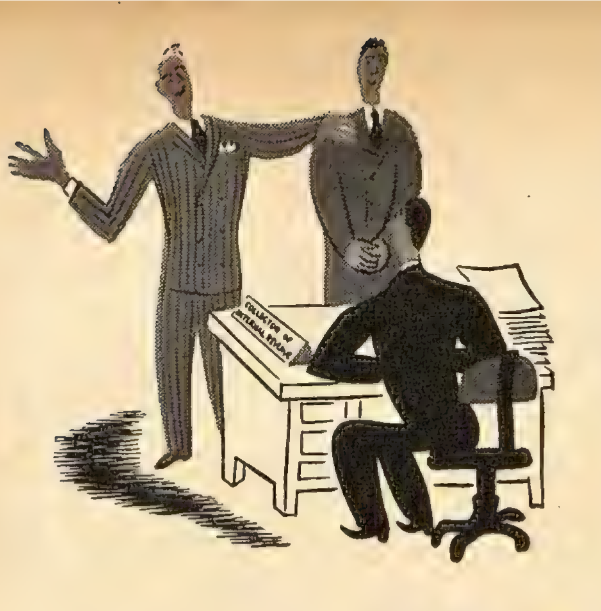
☆ DOROTHY PARKER has long been famous as one of the wits of the nation. One of my favorite Parker stories concerns Jimmy Cagney.

Cagney invited Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, to a yachting party on his boat, the Martha. His guests didn't know it, but Cagney gets seasick when he is on a moving boat, and so this particular Sunday he kept the boat anchored at the dock all day. Toward evening he took Dorothy and Campbell ashore and treated them to dinner in a near-by restaurant. A couple of Sundays later, Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell invited Jimmy Cagney to join them on an automobile party. When Cagney arrived, he was ushered into Dorothy Parker's auto, which was parked near the house. She and her husband were sitting in the back seat, and they had Jimmy join them. They chatted for a couple of hours, and Cagney got restless. "Well," he said finally, "when do we get going?"

"Oh, we're not going any place," answered Dorothy Parker. "This is an automobile party, like your yachting party."

☆ JOE FRISCO is a natural comic. A book should be written about him, and it should tell of the time he was summoned to the Los Angeles City Hall concerning back income taxes. He owed about $25,000. "Go ahead," said Frisco to the income-tax collector; "put the handcuffs on me. I can't pay it."

The income-tax man said, "We're not going to send you to jail, Mr. Frisco. We know you'll be working soon. All we want to do is to make an arrangement where you will begin



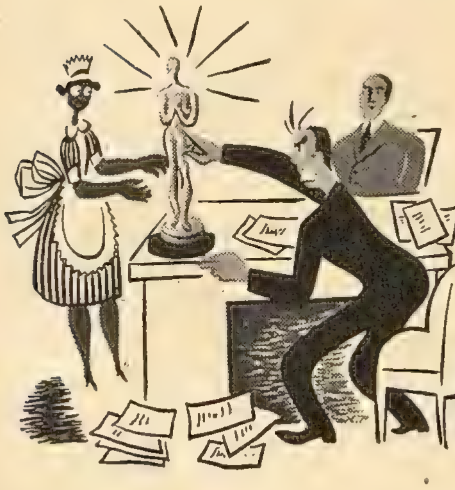
to pay us so much a week." This was agreed. On the way out, Joe Frisco met his best friend, Pat Rooney, Jr., waiting in the anteroom.

"Why are you here?" asked Joe.

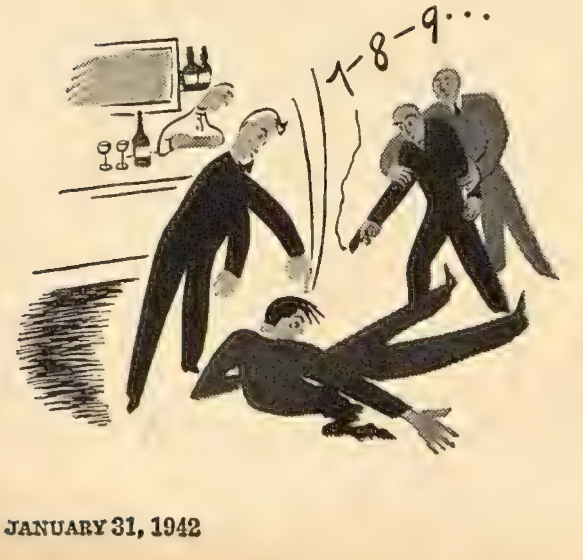
"I've got to pay two hundred and fifty dollars in back taxes, and I haven't got the money."

"Come with me," said Joe. "The collector's a great friend of mine."

Frisco and Rooney, Jr., walked into the room where the tax collector was sitting. Frisco introduced Pat Rooney, Jr., and said, "This fellow is my best friend. He owes you two hundred and fifty dollars. Put it on my tab."



☆ THE highest award Hollywood can give one of its workers is the Academy Award gold statuette, personally known as "Oscar." Actors, actresses, directors, and producers strive annually to win an Oscar. Here is an incident that illustrates the effect of an Oscar on a career: Leo McCarey got the Academy Award for his direction of The Awful Truth.



McCarey next started to prepare another picture, which turned out to be Love Affair. He struck a snag in the story and phoned his brother, Ray, also a director, and asked him to come over and talk story with him.

Leo and Ray kicked the story around in Leo's den, where the gold Academy Award statuette stood proudly on Leo's desk. They talked story for two hours but couldn't get anywhere. Finally Leo McCarey realized what was holding him back. He called in the colored maid and shouted, "Throw that damn statuette out of here so I can write a picture!"

☆ WILSON MIZNER was a fabulous character. He was in on the beginning of every "Klondike" in America. He was there for the gold rush in Alaska, and he was there for the real-estate boom in Florida. He was on Broadway during the halcyon days of Jack's and Rector's. He was in Hollywood when the movies started to talk and the modern "gold rush" was on. He mingled with society and prizefighters. (He was once married to the wealthy Mrs. Yerkes. When he applied for a divorce, the judge asked him on what grounds. Mizner answered, "Marriage is sufficient.")

One of Mizner's favorite citizens was Stanley Ketchell, the prizefighter, whom he managed. There are many, many stories about Mizner, but I have a special fondness for one that concerns him and his affection for this pugilist. Mizner was with a bunch of his cronies, playing cards, when he heard that Stanley Ketchell had just been shot in a saloon brawl. Mizner put down his cards and said, "Let them start counting ten over him. He'll get up."

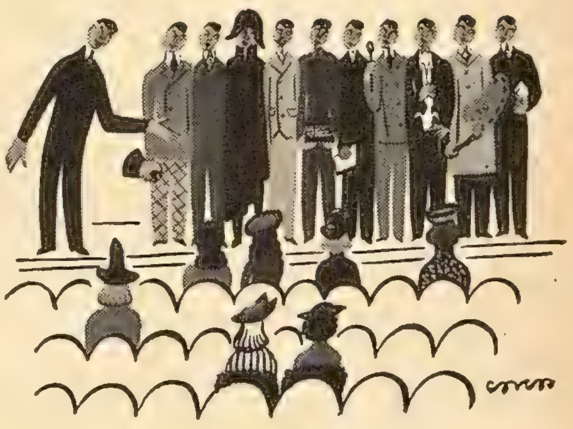
☆ THERE are many stories about actors, but there has never been a better criticism of the acting profession than the one Frank Moran, a former prizefighter, made to Gene Fowler. Fowler was at home, recuperating from an automobile accident, and Moran visited him. Gene showed Frank a stack of telegrams he had received, and said, "I got telegrams from Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jim Jeffries, and a number of fighters. They're so nice they sound as if they were written by sissies. And the telegrams I got from actors—well, they try to wisecrack, and they sound as if they were written by tough guys. I can't understand that."

"I can explain it," said Moran. "Whenever you don't understand anything about an actor, always remember that it was an actor who shot Lincoln."

☆ ORSON WELLES is the latest addition to the crop of Hollywood geniuses. Soon after he arrived in Movietown, Welles consented to lecture for a women's club in Santa Monica. When it came time for the lecture, there were so few people in the auditorium that the lady who was to introduce Welles fled. Welles was forced to introduce himself. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, since there is no one here to give you the high lights of my life, I will tell you about myself. I am a director of plays. I am a producer of plays. I am an actor on the legitimate stage. I am a motion-picture actor. I write, direct, and act on the radio. I am a magician. I also paint and sketch, and I am a book publisher." Here Welles paused for a second. Then he leaned toward the small audience and said, "Isn't it a shame that there are so many of me and so few of you?"

☆ CHARLIE CHAPLIN is, without a doubt, our greatest entertainer. A visitor to Chaplin's Beverly hilltop house is usually treated to a one-man show that lasts for hours. One evening Konrad Bercovici and his daughter were Chaplin's guests. Chaplin was in good mood, and started to give imitations. He imitated writers, actors, political figures, his Jap servant, every one. Then he took Bercovici and his daughter to dinner.

It was past midnight when the three left the restaurant. Chaplin was still imitating people. Suddenly, on the street, while his car pulled up to the curb, he sang at the top of his voice an aria from an Italian opera. He sang it superbly.



"Why, Charlie," Bercovici's daughter exclaimed, "I never knew you could sing so beautifully."

"I can't sing at all," Chaplin answered. "I was only imitating Caruso."

☆ HOLLYWOOD is my beat, and I have seen and heard strange and unbelievable things. My favorite tale about fantastic Hollywood concerns Max Gordon, the noted theatrical producer. Max Gordon is the only man I know who held two important jobs in two studios at the same time. Max Gordon was hurried from the East and hired by Warners to act as official adviser to Mervyn LeRoy, who was then busy making a Rodgers and Hart musical picture, Fools for Scandal. At the same time Max Gordon was hurried from the East by Radio Pictures, where he was "to learn the business" at one thousand dollars a week. Gordon went to work at one studio every morning to learn the business, and at another every afternoon to teach the business. But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood.

THE END

MICKEY ROONEY

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BOX OFFICE MAN NO. I

Ann Rutherford and Mickey in the second Hardy Family picture, You're Only Young Once

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

Crisis in movieland! The story of that disturbing day of days when the Hardy headache hit Hollywood

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

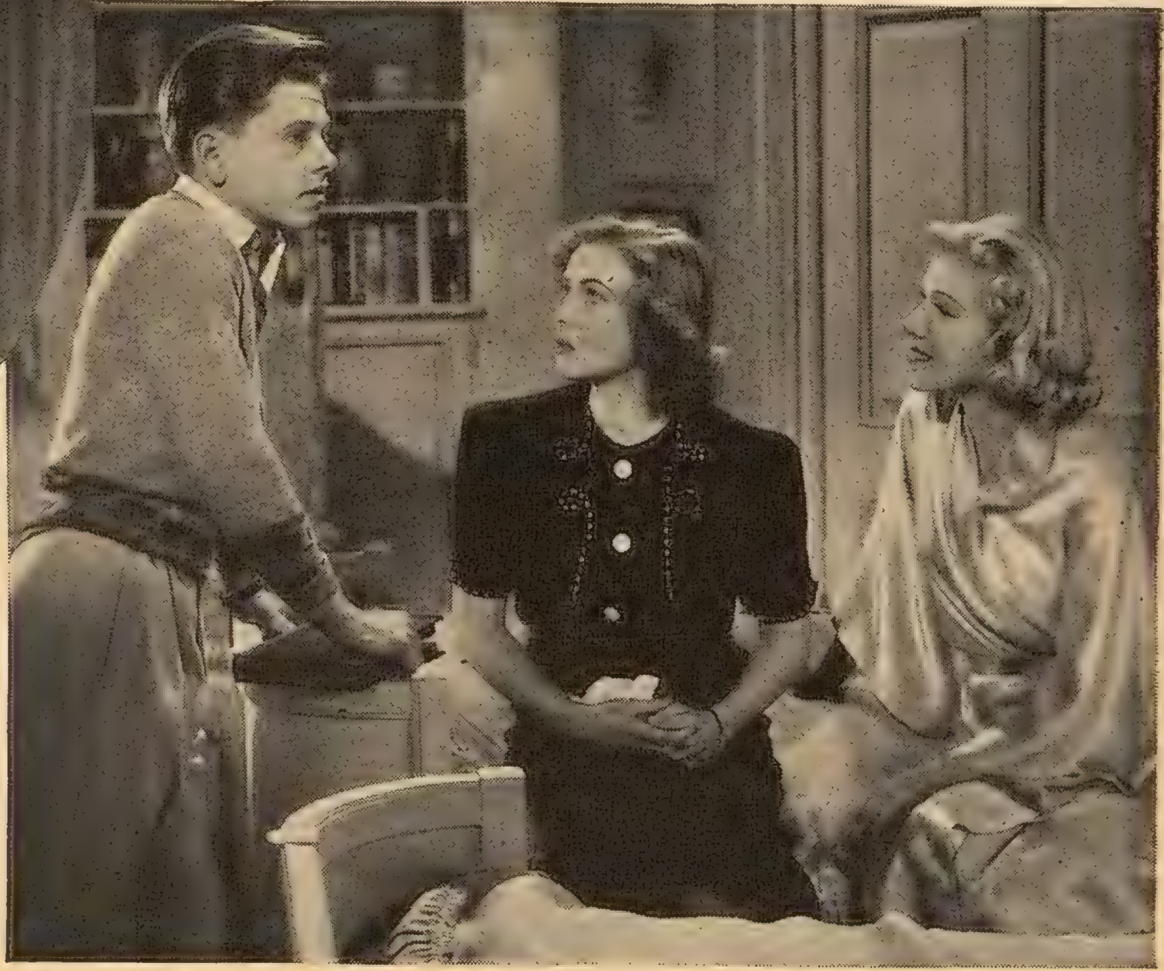
Born Joe Yule, Jr., Mickey Rooney seemed destined to follow in the footsteps of his parents, who were in vaudeville. Before he was five, he had played several midget parts. Then, suddenly, there were no more, and his agent told Nell Carter, his mother—now separated from her husband—that her son was washed up. Nell took him to Hollywood, where he soon became famous as Mickey McGuire in the short films built around that famous cartoon character. When audiences tired of the little tough guy, Mickey, at twelve, was through again—until David Selznick put him in Manhattan Melodrama with Clark Gable.

PART THREE—MICKEY'S RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY

☆ AT twelve o'clock noon on September 23, 1941, all work came to a stop in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Stars, directors, producers, writers, cameramen, electricians, and stagehands gathered around a huge birthday cake decorated with twenty-one candles and listened to Louis B. Mayer pay tribute to a boy whom he described as "a great moral force in the Western Hemisphere." So loud were their cheers and so sincere their enthusiasm that the Great Moral Force, a five-feet-three hundred-and-thirty-pounder, found himself stumped for the first and probably the last time in his career. He kept on tugging at the cuffs of his sleeves, a gesture which he lend-leased from his pal and idol Clark Gable, and could think of no more eloquent reply than: "Gee whiz, folks, I'm the luckiest guy in the world!"

Mickey and Spring Byington, who played Mrs. Hardy in the first of the series, A Family Affair.

PHOTOS FROM M-G-M



Below: Another scene from A Family Affair. The girls are Cecilia Parker (left) and Julie Haydon.

Half an hour later, with the words of lavish praise still ringing in his ears, he was back in harness on the sound stage where they were shooting Babes on Broadway.

It was not until the following weekend that the Mighty Mite was able to inspect his numerous presents. They ranged all the way from a beautifully decorated dressing room (a gift from Norma Shearer) to a pound of homemade cookies (a gift from an Andy Hardy fan in Bismarck, North Dakota). Everybody in America remembered Mickey's twenty-first birthday and Mickey felt like hugging everybody in America. He was laughing and shouting when suddenly he came across a package which made him gasp. It was a 16-millimeter copy of Mickey's Touchdown, a Mickey McGuire picture in which the Great Moral Force had appeared ten years before. It was as if some one had turned back the clock and sent the lucky Rooney scurrying once more through ten hectic years. For there, between that dated two-reel quickie and that extravagant dressing room, was his whole miraculous story. The former stood for 1931, the year when Hollywood gave the brush to the tough boy in the derby hat. The latter symbolized 1941, the year in which Mickey Rooney was voted for the third successive time Number One Box-Office by America's twenty-four thousand motion-picture exhibitors.

Mickey's achievements in the first few years of the ten-year period were not spectacular. In 1932 he played in vaudeville in Chicago. No strides forward. . . . In 1933-34 he appeared in forty pictures. Only one of them, Manhattan Melodrama, brought him a modicum of success. In 1935-36 he gave several good performances and was noticed by insiders. David Selznick said he would "go far." Robert Montgomery, who played with him in Hide-out, thought him the greatest scene stealer in Hollywood. Two or three directors praised his versatility. But that was all. As far as one hundred and thirty million Americans were concerned, the name Mickey Rooney meant very little.

Unbeknown to the young man, his rendezvous with destiny was scheduled for March 19, 1937. On that day a picture called A Family Affair was released and shown in several cities in the United States and Canada. A Family Affair was to become known later as the first of the Hardy Family pictures, but at the time of its making it was described in a somewhat different fashion. The boys in the publicity department referred to it as "that potboiler with Lionel Barrymore that the B-picture guys are working on." Consequently A Family Affair was not given the benefit of ballyhoo that accompanies the release of "important" pictures. No picture is considered important in Hollywood unless it costs at least one million dollars and stands a chance of losing about half that much. A Family Affair was concocted on less than two hundred thousand and no one expected it to gross more than three hundred thousand at the very best. Aside from

Barrymore, there was no one in the cast who rated a line on the marquee.

Hollywood's contempt for A Family Affair was wholeheartedly shared by the critics. It was, they said, just one of those things—a boob-trap that failed to work. The public was the last to speak up. It spoke up in no uncertain terms. City after city and town after town reported that the cash customers went wild over "that Hardy picture." So much so that they refused to leave the theater when the show was over and insisted on seeing the feature a second time. "For gosh sakes," wired the exhibitors, "let's have more of that Rooney kid. He panicked 'em. The way he tripped over that doormat and looked in the eyes of that Polly Benedict girl—that was really something. The kid is a gold mine. And so are all the others. Please make another Hardy picture —right away."

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials rubbed their eyes. The utterly unexpected and the hopelessly unexplainable triumph of A Family Affair was about the biggest headache any one could have wished upon them. Hollywood bows to no one in its passion for hitting the jack pot, but Hollywood loathes riddles. And A Family Affair was both a jack pot and a riddle. The people who went wild over Andy Hardy and his puppy romance with Polly Benedict were strange and dangerous people. The first thing one knew, they might refuse to go wild over Clark Gable and Greta Garbo. And then what?

☆ MANY conferences were held and the best minds of the industry mobilized in gallant attempts to solve the Hardy mystery. Finally some one suggested what struck everybody as a staggeringly brilliant idea. "Let's make another Hardy Family picture," said the genius. "If it flops we will be well rid of the headache. If, on the other hand, it clicks, why, then we'll know that the darn thing is an honest-to-goodness trend."

And so Carey Wilson, the producer, George B. Seitz, the director, and Kay Van Riper, the writer, were told to roll up their sleeves and go to work on another Hardy Family yarn. Opus number two was to be called You're Only Young Once. Certain changes were made in the cast of characters. Lionel Barrymore, who played Judge Hardy in A Family Affair, was replaced, either for reasons of economy or because of his reluctance to put up with Rooney's antics, by Lewis Stone. Mr. Barrymore, Mickey's bosom pal by now, admits having developed homicidal tendencies during the shooting of A Family Affair. The parts of Mrs. Hardy and Polly Benedict were to be played by Fay Holden and Ann Rutherford. In A Family Affair they were entrusted to Spring Byington and Margaret Marquis.

When Ann Rutherford discovered that she was to impersonate Andy Hardy's sweetheart, her blood pressure leaped. Not because she was so keen on Rooney but because she knew him a bit too well. In the previous two years she had seen a lot of him in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer school for minors, the Culver City version of a little red schoolhouse built right on the premises of the studio. There were eight pupils in the school, Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper among them; but to Ann Rutherford it seemed as if there were at least eighty, all of them Rooneys. No matter what part of the schoolroom she would move to, Rooney would move right after her, and then her hair would be pulled or a spitball would land on her head. In vain she pleaded with their teacher, an unfortunate young woman by the name of Mary McDonald, to protect her from Rooney. Mary herself was badly in need of protection.

The Rooney-Rutherford difficulties ironed out, George Seitz went ahead with the picture. It was released on November 22, 1937, and the public response was so terrific that opus number three, known as Judge Hardy's Children, was put into production immediately.

By early spring of 1938 even the greatest skeptics on the Metro lot had to admit that the darn thing was a trend—a trend with a vengeance. Opus number four—Love Finds Andy Hardy—was rushed through.

In the following three years six more Hardy yarns were concocted in Culver City. The Metro-Goldwyn officials become surprisingly inarticulate when asked to give the exact or even approximate figures dealing with the gross and net income from the Hardy pictures. There are at least two reasons behind their reticence. In the first place, they consider it a bad policy to let the Hardy fans know that their beloved pictures are being made for a small fraction of what it would cost to turn out a Garbo or a Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy super-super. In the second place, there is always the possibility of Mickey Rooney or his mother or his stepfather acquiring fancy ideas as to how much money the Mighty Mite should be paid.

☆ INSIDERS claim that an average Hardy Family picture costs somewhere between three hundred and four hundred thousand dollars, and grosses, in the domestic market alone, anywhere from a million and a half to two million dollars.

Mickey's salary is as grave a state secret as the earnings of the Hardy Family pictures. It is the firm conviction of insiders that he gets one thousand dollars a week and a bonus ranging from twenty-five to forty thousand dollars per picture. Considering that he makes from four to five pictures a year, his earnings must be somewhere between a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Very little of that money is being given to Mickey. The lion's share goes into a trust fund.

If the success of the Hardy Family pictures is baffling to their creators, it all but crucifies those connoisseurs who swear by The Grapes of Wrath, The Informer, and other epics with a "message." A well known writer, when approached by the Metro-Goldwyn people a few years ago and offered a contract to write a Hardy Family story, replied haughtily: "Yes, I'd love to do one for you, provided you will permit me to have every single member of the blankety-blank family killed in a railroad accident in the last reel." That was very funny, thought the writer, but Mickey's was the last laugh. When the writer's next book appeared, it was bought by twelve thousand people. When Mickey's next picture appeared, it was seen by sixty million people.

☆ THAT at least a goodly part of those sixty million men and women take their Hardys seriously can be proved without any difficulty. A glance at the mail received by Carey Wilson, George B. Seitz, Lewis Stone, Mickey himself, and all other parties responsible for this Frankenstein's monster will sway the opinion of the bitterest Hardy detractors.

Lewis Stone, who probably gets more mail than even Mickey, says that he actually feels embarrassed when reading his voluminous correspondence. So great is the nation's faith in Judge Hardy's discretion and wisdom that perfect strangers write to Mr. Stone and tell him the most intimate things about themselves—their love affairs, their various diseases, and their encounters with justice.

Mickey's fan mail provides more cheerful, if less interesting, reading. Nobody expects him to give medical or legal advice. A shining example of young American manhood, he is merely asked by the parents of unruly kids to try to contaminate them with his goodness.

The persons who have known Mickey for years are watching with a mixture of amusement and concern the constantly widening gulf between Andy Hardy and the "real" Rooney. Shrewd as the Mighty Mite is, it is no mean task even for him to reconcile the impulses of a healthy twenty-one-year-old boy with the preposterous code of behavior created for Andy Hardy by Kay Van Riper and Aurania Rouverol. No one expects Ann Rutherford to act like Polly Benedict in her private life. But Mickey has to be Andy twenty-four hours a day. His approaching marriage to Ava Gardner is apt to precipitate a grave crisis in the Hardy family. Married men have been known to be saps, but none of them, at least not within the memory of the oldest Hardy fan, has been as sappy as Andy. It looks as if Les Peterson and the rest of the publicity boys would have to offer some sort of all-embracing explanation to the aroused citizenry. It is up to them to prove that the facts of life can be disseminated by the storks.

More adventures with girls, further strides toward greater fame and fortune—and the inside story of the Mighty Mite is brought up to date in next week's final installment.

AM I AN ALARMIST?

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A forthright fighter debates the question: "Why in the world am I kept on the job?"

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

Secretary of the Interior

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ REALIST—yes!
Pessimist—now and then!
Scaremonger—no!

These are my private views in a pea pod.

I am just as well pleased that mine is not one of those deadly even tempers that sees a bright side to everything, no matter what. It must be a dull, monotonous sort of life, and a precarious one in some circumstances. How far did flower-smelling get Ferdinand? Didn't his public turn on him when he refused to drop his posies and fight like a bull?

You will recognize the placid and trusting nature that was Ferdinand's in the fellow who strikes out with a graceful flourish to prove that the ice is thicker than it looks, or drops a keg of TNT on a bonfire to demonstrate that it's all in the way you drop it. He's the one you have heard bleating that all of our international worries were little ones and soon over; that if Reichsführer Adolf (Schicklgruber) Hitler had been permitted to overpower every one on or adjacent to his continent without interference, the dove of peace would now be fluttering around our ears.

That is the kind of disposition I did *not* bring to the Petroleum Co-ordinator's office, which was wished on me cold. With no more advance notice of my appointment than the Japs gave us of their treacherous plans, there was no time to look up the answers and cram. Therefore, the minute I received official notice that I was "it," I took up a position behind dark glasses and viewed the situation in its worst possible light. And I'd do it again.

Supposing I had been of the other school—the kind that can think of things worse than air raids. Without curtailment and allotments and readjustments, imposed on dealers and the public on the grim theory that the worst was probably going to happen in spite of everything we could do, our production and consumption would have had no "breather," and our oil *surplus,* or *stocks*—the very thing the Senate Committee found there *was* a shortage in—would not have been spared and built up to a point where it finally became safe to cancel all restrictions.

Meanwhile, it is a significant commentary that the oil trade press, knowing the facts, found little or no fault with the "oil shortage," while the newspapers, having a limited factual background, "guessed" immediately that the "shortage" was phony and have been bitterly grousing about it ever since.

Disappointed when no actual famine developed after I had, as *they* read my statement, faithfully promised one on my sacred honor as a pessimist, back-seat co-ordinators have been calling me an "alarmist" and connecting me with plots to make and manage "emergencies" of all kinds.

One squint at the Far East ought to convince us that every gill of gasoline saved last summer is coming in mighty handy right now.

Recently a United States senator told a Senate committee that I once sent nine detectives into his state to bring about his political ruin. He said that they tapped his telephone wires, rifled his desk, read his mail, peeked at him through keyholes and over transoms, and shadowed him and his wife. I have no recollection of the incident, but it isn't easy to believe that nine police officers, no matter how active and agile, could have done all that he said they did. Pressed for something a little more specific as to Ickes, the senator confessed that he was "guessing"—"speculating" was the word he used. *Somebody* was trailing him as he went about exuding good, and who could it possibly be but hirelings of Ickes?

A few days before, a metropolitan newspaper editor with isolationist totters (he is now bravely over them) had "guessed" Ickes must be setting the stage for the administration to call off the 1942 Congressional elections. *Somebody* was, and who but Ickes?

Poor Ickes! He's the fall guy for all stray and unidentified accusations. It will be no shock to my sensitive nature when some one "guesses" that I was the ghost writer of Mein Kampf, or have been chummy with Hirohito.

Nor am I the least bit surprised—or ruffled either, mind you—because so many people "guess" that, among other awful things, I am an "alarmist" or when I am asked seriously to plead to the charge. The more "guessing" the "guessers" do—even though the bulk of it is wrong—the less time, obviously, they will have to pry into more important matters. You might say, I suppose, without rupturing the truth, that I was an "alarmist" when, over the indignant and noisy protests of some fellow Americans and of Reichsführer Schicklgruber, I refused to approve a sale of great quantities of helium to Germany because I suspected that Germany might eventually get around to using it for military purposes. It was about that time, I recall, that Germany started its latest crime spree and took over Austria. Had I possessed more of the qualities of Ferdinand, I would have signed the order and made many people, including Schicklgruber and all the miniature Schicklgrubers, happy.

Mr. Ickes "not looking for any startling change for the better" in his public relations.

No doubt I was an "alarmist" when I held up a shipment of oil addressed to Japan because, from my morbid point of view, we might possibly run short if we sent any more petroleum to the Axis partners and expected to have enough to go around among ourselves and our allies.

As to the future, I am not looking for any startling change for the better in my public relations. I expect to remain *in statu quo* throughout the remainder of my public career, for, unlike Ferdinand, there are some things I refuse to take sitting down.

I don't seriously object to being called an "alarmist" if, by timely public warning, some of the excesses and leaks in the production and uses of our oil supply can be checked and federal regulation thereby forestalled.

If I can direct the serious attention of the people to the importance of our 100-octane aviation gasoline production in its relation to civilian consumption of ordinary gasoline, what care I what "my public" thinks of me? This is war. I have previously expressed my gloomy views on the subject of aviation gasoline to American refiners, and one of these dark overcast days I have no doubt I shall blow off at a press conference if the situation isn't speedily bettered. For it I'll be called an "alarmist" and the age-old question of why in the world I am retained on the job will be revived.

Hundred-octane gasoline is of paramount importance in increasing the power output of our airplane engines, improving the maneuverability of our fighters, and extending the cruising radius of our bombers. It has been estimated that 100-octane gasoline increases by 25 per cent the power that can be obtained in airplane operation. In fact, our new planes can't get along without 100-octane gasoline.

We are not even sure that we have sufficient capacity for producing all of the ordinary gasoline that we shall need. Such refiners are pretty close to 100-per-cent capacity as it is, and the demand continues to rise.

"Guessing" that I am an "alarmist" or anything else isn't going to alter my opinion that as to our aviation gasoline production, which must keep our own and the British, Russian, and Chinese planes filled, we have something to be genuinely concerned about.

I don't wish to be understood as underestimating the danger of "guessing" on any subject, especially those relating to national defense, when carried to extremes. So long as the critics stick to "guessing" that I'm a detective agency or a Nazi ghost writer or an "alarmist," the country is safe; *but* when their "guessing" goes so far as to intimate that I'm in a plot to end constitutional government in America, it's time to check signals.

I have in mind a certain small group of more or less influential newspapers that has been "guessing" with tiresome regularity that we are going to call off this year's elections, and that I'm the spearhead of the movement. By this time they have no doubt charged me with the responsibility for the bill recently introduced in Congress proposing that the 1942 elections be moved forward to March. If two particular members of this group were not influential, as newspaper influence goes these days, I wouldn't bother bringing the matter up.

The main argument that they use is that the Constitution *has* been circumvented in the past—so why not again? They don't like Ickes. Ergo, Ickes is to lead the way to circumvention. How I envy a logical mind!

In my realistic view, the newspapers in question are performing a disservice in stressing what they have no honest reason to believe and what I don't believe that they believe. One would expect them to end their chant now that war is on, but even since the fateful documents were passed and signed they have referred to the probability of no elections in 1942. They have long hated the administration in Washington, although to their credit be it said that they have filed it away for the duration of the war. And they always have and probably always will hate me. I sometimes wonder how they get along among themselves. Perhaps they don't.

Yes, I suppose that one could truthfully say that I have what it takes to be an "alarmist." And, depend on it, I shall be an "alarmist" whenever I think that the occasion demands it.

THE END

THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY
OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ HOW many letters have you had since December 7 on the subject of morale? (*Many.*) How many from gripers? (*None.*) If there's been the same change in all other camps as there has been here, your troubles must be about over. (*Right—but what will the men have to write about now?*) You never saw such a difference in one week as there was here after war was declared. Blackouts, inconveniences, and all seemed to make soldiers out of men who had been only civilians in uniforms hitherto. Now that it's a shooting war with a real enemy just over the horizon, we've forgotten to moan and we're living to get a shot at those ——, whether they're yellow or white. Funny how a terrific problem like morale can disappear overnight. I doubt that we'll see it again until the war's over and the boys are yammering to get home. Right, Sarge?
Pvt. K. W. G., Fort Lewis, Wash.

Right, Private. Now that we all know what we're in this thing for, we can forget a lot of troubles that were of major importance in peacetime but are less than minor now. "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Some time ago you advised a soldier to stick his neck out by going over his C. O.'s head to get a higher hearing on some trouble he'd had. Well, have you heard of General Order 48, issued by our new division commander? What do you think of *this?* "Every soldier of the 27th Infantry Division is free to see me in my office any time he feels he has been treated unjustly, or has a material cause for complaint, without the necessity of securing permission from any person.
"Ralph McT. Pennell, Brig. Gen., U. S. A."
Pvt. L. W. S., Fort McClellan, Ala.

That's something! I have nothing but praise for the General's consideration for the welfare of the men in his command, and I'd like to know how many of them have been to him since that order was posted and how it has worked out.

We have an American flag in our shop, so old and dirty that it is kept in a drawer and never used. I love the flag, but it would be disgraceful to display this one, and I have urged the foreman to burn it, as I understand this is the right method of disposal. He says no flag should be destroyed, regardless of its condition. Who is right?
G. P., Oswego, Ill.

You are. A flag which cannot be cleaned and mended should be destroyed. Burning is the recommended method.

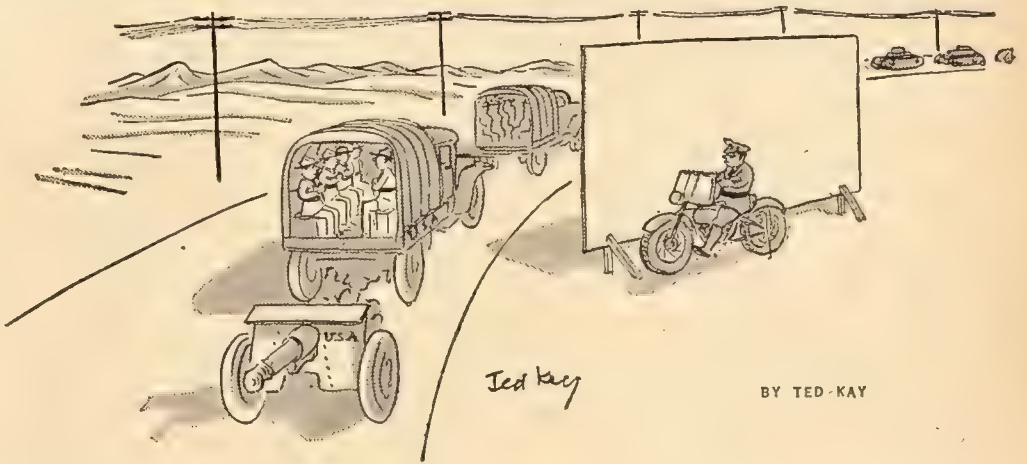
During the two years I've been in the service I've fought amateurs and, lately, professionals. I'd like to transfer to a post where boxing is an important sport and boxers are given time off to train and a gym to train in. Do you know of any such post and the person there to whom I should write?
Pvt. R. J., Middletown, Pa.

I'm afraid that right now the Army has too many other things on its mind to worry about your transfer for such a purpose. I'm not blaming you for your desire to make the most of your fighting ability, but there are thousands of men who'd like transfers to stations where their special technical skills and training could be used to greater advantage. They should come first.

I had removed my hat while talking to a girl friend I'd met on the street, when an M. P. interrupted with a "Put your hat on, soldier." I am under the impression that a soldier is still a gentleman and, as such, removes his hat when talking to a lady. Some of the other noncoms here think I was wrong to "break my uniform" by removing my hat. Who is right?
Cpl. J. M. M., Fort McClellan, Ala.

Illogical though it may seem to you, the M. P. was right. Of course a soldier doesn't *salute* a civilian, female or male; he tips his service hat or cap to a lady just as a civilian would, but he does not remain uncovered outdoors for any length of time.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.



BY TED KAY

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?

A dictator in the making . . . How Stalin rose as Lenin's life and power ebbed away

BY EMIL LUDWIG

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

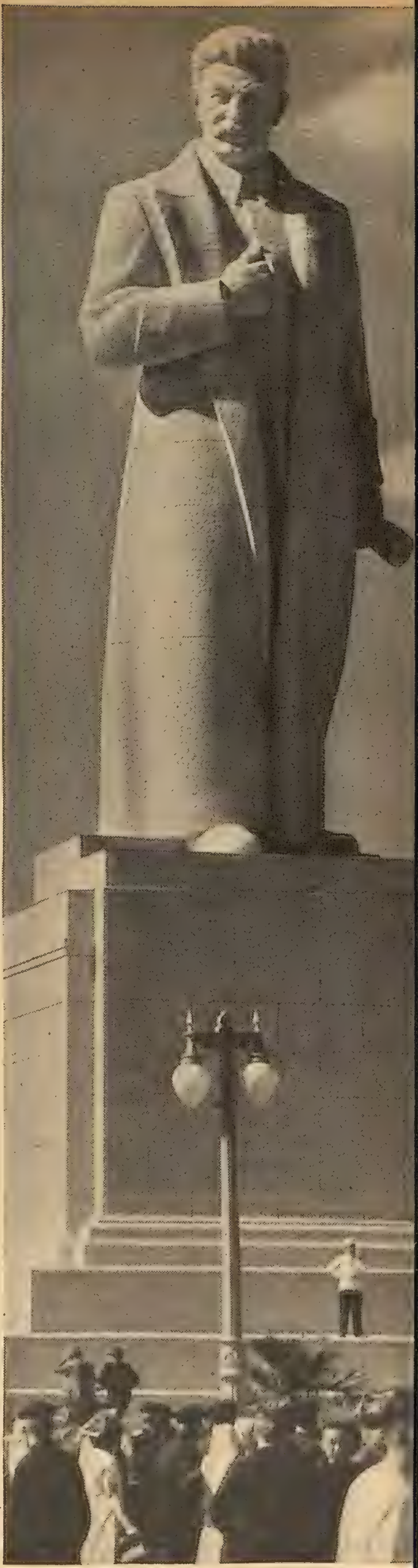
Stalin's enemies to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Ludwig is certain that in 1917 there was no clash between him and Lenin. Neither, however, was Stalin at all conspicuous as a leader in the Bolshevik revolution. His jealousy of Trotsky's rapid rise was to result in that grim hare-and-tortoise race for personal power which the shrewd, patient tortoise from Georgia was eventually to win.

Meanwhile, in Russia's civil war, both middle-aged civilians suddenly found themselves military commanders. Trotsky ranked Stalin. As a combination of War Minister and generalissimo, he did a wonderful improvised job; but it was Stalin who, in the summer of 1918, saved Russia by saving grain-growing Tzaritzin. Whenever the two men differed angrily, Lenin managed to reconcile them for the time being.

Then as now, Mr. Ludwig notes, Stalin was capable of terrorism, though he took no such sadistic pleasure from it as a Göring takes. Then as now, his life was frugal in the extreme.

PART FOUR—THE TROJAN HORSE IN WHICH A CAREER BEGAN

☆ THERE are in Stalin's life two bright productive periods and two dark negative periods. He was powerful and creative in the upbuilding of the Russian industrial state; he is powerful and creative once more in the present life-and-death struggle. But he was only a hateful politician in his struggle with Trotsky, and again during the Moscow trials. The peculiar elements in his character, which expresses itself in such a variety of reactions and results, are intertwined and interdependent. Goethe compares a man's virtues with the branches which a tree lifts toward the sun



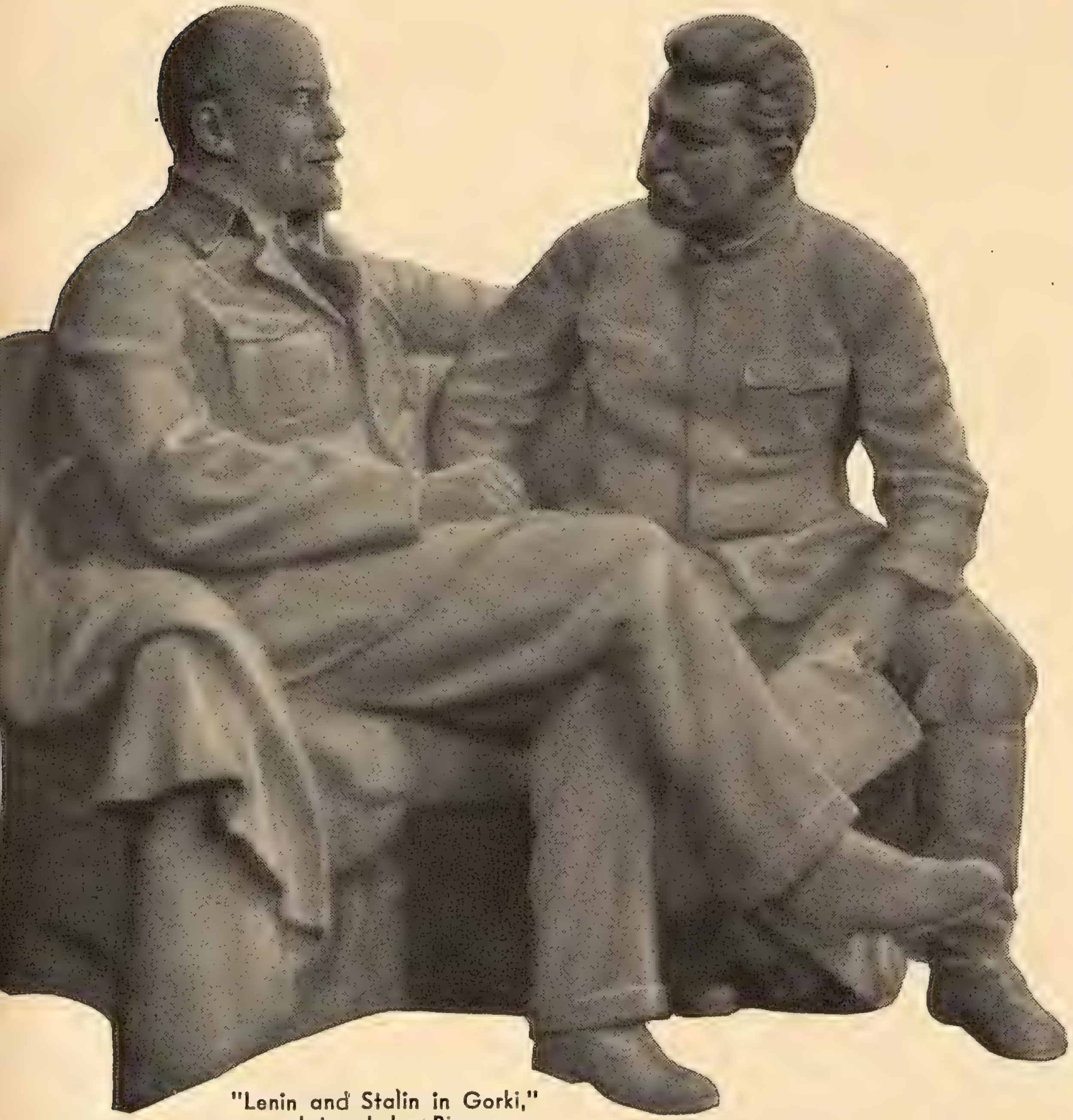
Stalin favors hero worship. Here are a statue of him erected in Moscow in 1939 and (left) a pavilion built over the hut where he was born.

while at the same time, and with the same urge, it thrusts its roots into the darkness of the earth, which Goethe compares with the negative side of a man's character.

Stalin, who contributed not very much to the Revolution, later developed—as Lenin's heir—in the grand style. When Lenin died after six years of power (he was, we must remember, sick during the last two), he left behind him a triumphant party and a pacified country; but the modernization of the state was only in the planning stage. He left behind him a victorious Red army; but it was not a mechanized army. State and army alike could only be created by modern technology. The electrification of the giant country was the first prerequisite for the opening up of its enormous resources, for its defense, and for the social reconstruction. We shall see shortly what Stalin achieved in this direction in the course of a decade.

But whatever he achieved, he could achieve it only by becoming an absolute autocrat, and by hammering at the young democratic tradition until it was shattered. This quiet, obstinate struggle of his for the dictatorship greatly injured his reputation throughout the world, and with it the reputation of the Soviets. If we regard this struggle as the prerequisite condition for the iron dictatorship from which the new industrial Russia finally was to emerge, we do not thereby get a more normal picture; but that which at first impressed us as mere hatred and revenge does acquire a world-historic perspective. Looking back today on the first period of the Soviet State, we see only the roots digging into the blackness of the earth; this is Stalin's dark period.

SOVFOTO PHOTOS



"Lenin and Stalin in Gorki," as sculptured by Pivovarov.

But even for Lenin, whose life was always an affirmation, the latter years were filled with tragic struggles. Like a Gracchus, a Cromwell, or a Danton, he had taken over a shattered social system and a bankrupt state. Every social revolution is confronted by a burnt and desolate field, ruined by planless, conscienceless exploitation, and the soil offers the most obstinate resistance to the efforts of the new farmer. Lenin, like Churchill, began his regime by calling for a period of "blood and tears"; and his voice, like Churchill's, had been raised for a decade and more in warning against the impending disaster. "The dictatorship of the proletariat," he said, "has imposed on this new ruling class an unparalleled burden of sacrifice, suffering, and poverty. Never was the working class in as frightful a condition as today, when it takes over the rulership."

It was not the introduction of Socialism by Lenin which produced this ghastly poverty and want; it was the war lost by the Czar, it was the ensuing civil war, which so disorganized the country that in the year 1922 only 51,000,000 *dessiatine* were sown with crops as against 100,000,000 in 1913. The harvest amounted to 2.8 billion *pud* as against 6 billion in 1913. The production in industry in 1920 was 15 per cent of that in 1913. The World War cost Czarist Russia forty billion dollars; the cost of the civil war was another fifty billion. Lenin had to construct his new state in the midst of a catastrophic collapse, and to sign a peace after a war conducted by the Czar, whereas Hitler could wait fourteen years and take over a Germany which had long been restored to prosperity.

LENIN ESTABLISHES AN "OLIGARCHY"

The second tragic element in Lenin's situation was the struggle against his former comrades in arms. Mensheviks, Social Revolutionaries, Anarchists had fought the Czaristic regime with the same fury as the Communists, and they now had the same claim to a share in the government. But the theory and the methods of the reconstruction which was now to follow placed such an abyss between these parties and the Communists that Lenin was compelled, against his own principles, to break up the Constitution National Assembly and to introduce the dictatorship of his own party. He himself called it oligarchy, and could hardly foresee what would develop later out of this unavoidable resort to force when men of smaller mold would rise to power. That which Lenin did was controlled by his own character, and could not be passed on as a legacy. That a character like Stalin's, with its impulse toward personal dictatorship, should witness this dangerous turn of events and should later seek to perpetuate it for himself was predestined.

For with all his energy, Lenin possessed a natural feeling of friendliness for human beings. By contrast, Stalin's distrustful nature drove him in the direction of completely uncontrolled power. Lenin convinced his collaborators; Stalin commanded them. Lenin ruled in a spirit of co-operation and consultation; in the building-up of the Soviets, those small but growing people's councils, he saw the emergent instrument of popular government. Stalin emasculated the Soviets and ruled only with the help of a handful of devoted creatures of his. The moral foundations of the two men were altogether too diverse.

What Lenin valued in Stalin was his knowledge of details and of persons, his working power and the swiftness of his decisions, qualities which only a supreme character would appreciate in a subordinate. Stalin's nature always remained alien to Lenin, and this remoteness found expression in Lenin's testament.

Stalin was an expert on nationalities, and was therefore the head of this department for a period of six years under Lenin; he was thus dealing with one of the two main problems of the revolution. For the Russian peasant and the Russian worker were not only to be liberated; they were also to achieve independence for their various nationalities. What the world lumped under the name of Russia was not a single nationality; there were some twelve principal peoples and about a hundred related stocks which had been subjected to compulsory Russification by the Romanovs. The country which we today call the U. S. S. R., and which corresponds roughly to the Czaristic Empire—this gigantic territory stretching from Poland to Alaska and from the Arctic to the Black Sea—gives every one of its constituent peoples, at least in theory, as much liberty in regard to its language as Switzerland gives to each of its twenty-two little cantons. In this respect Russia is actually modeled on Switzerland.

STALIN FORMULATES U.S.S.R. RACE EQUALITY

Though he speaks only Georgian and Russian, Stalin is considered an expert on these numerous nationalities: the Ukrainians, Bashkirs, Tatars, White Russians, Armenians, Turkomans, and what not. For all of these peoples Stalin had drawn up, along the line of Lenin's ideas, a sort of Declaration of Independence, in which they were promised the right to control their own destinies and the abrogation of all Russian and Orthodox privileges.

The independence of these peoples was all the more surprising in that the gulf between the educated Russian of Petersburg and the inhabitant of Transcaucasia was a hundred times wider than that between—let us say—a traditional Bostonian and a back-country resident of New Mexico. This brought to an end the stupid struggle of the so-called Russian master class against the many subjugated nationalities; it likewise brought to an end the frequent revolts of the latter against the former. The Russian civil war of 1918-20 was complicated by the intervention of European troops. But these would never have been defeated if the Russian nationalities, which had at last achieved liberation, had not joined the new confederation. In the civil war it was class against class, not race against race. It is for this reason, too, that the Russian peoples are absolutely unable to understand the racial ideas of the Nazis.

When this confederation took shape in 1922, under the name of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, its basic principle was the diametric opposite of that of the Nazis: the slogans were help for the troops, money and material to be furnished by the stronger members for the weaker, freedom for every national culture and language. Common to all, as in the United States, were the Congress, the army, foreign policy, and the social basis.

The various peoples did not, however, fall into each other's arms in an outburst of brotherly love. In the Ukraine, in Siberia, in Turkestan there were revolts against the Communist system. Stalin's admiration for mighty Russia contributed to the intensification of these struggles in his native Georgia. The special ambition which we find in the sons of weaker states—and Hitler is another example—provoked Stalin to a furious battle with his former Georgian friends, so that Lenin himself had to come to their defense.

For five long years Stalin nowhere achieved independence. In the war he was officially Trotsky's subordinate; in the State he was one among the nineteen members of the Central Committee, and one among the five members of the Politburo (Political Bureau); in both he was always overshadowed by Lenin and Trotsky. But in one respect he always had a clearer vision than those two leaders. For years both of them believed in the imminence of the world revolution, particularly in Germany. Stalin denied this, and therefore demanded action of Draconian severity in Russia. Long after the triumph of the Bolsheviks, Lenin declared that his own revolution was lost if Russia was to remain the only Socialist country. We may call this error heroic.

Stalin and Maxim Gorky, novelist, photographed in the Red Square.

But Lenin had one quality which no one shared with him: he confessed his mistakes; and until the end he was never tired of dinning into the ears of his comrades that "we haven't become saints because of the revolution, and we must under no circumstances begin to think of ourselves as infallible." He called a defeat a retreat, and a compromise by its right name; and it was precisely thus that he won the hearts of men to him.

But even Lenin was incapable of avoiding the danger which was entailed in the dictatorship of a party. In excluding from participation in the government all dissident parties, he made the direction of the state identical with the direction of his party. In America, too, the election of a new President, or a change in the Congress majority, means a displacement not only in the highest government positions but in thousands of small ones, which fall to the victor. But the control remains with the Congress, within which the minority party can always address itself to the country. With the Soviets, however, the control was soon limited to the party congresses. For a time the whole country was ruled, in reality, by a couple of dozen men.

Here the third tragic factor, which has always followed historically, came into play. There is this resemblance between revolutions and love marriages: the glory and glamour of the honeymoon is followed by the comparative calm of the common task; the glamour vanishes. The new oligarchy of the Politburo, too, became less and less tolerant, and began to enjoy and to use tyrannically the power which it had reverently regarded as the prerogative of the Idea. On top of this, we must remember, Stalin and Trotsky had become, as army leaders in the civil war, accustomed to issuing military commands. Trotsky had too much to do to be preoccupied with personalities. Stalin learned the trick of transferring unpleasant Soviet leaders to remote posts, and began even in those early years to checkmate his opponents by kicking them upstairs.

TROTSKY SHOOTS ERSTWHILE HEROES

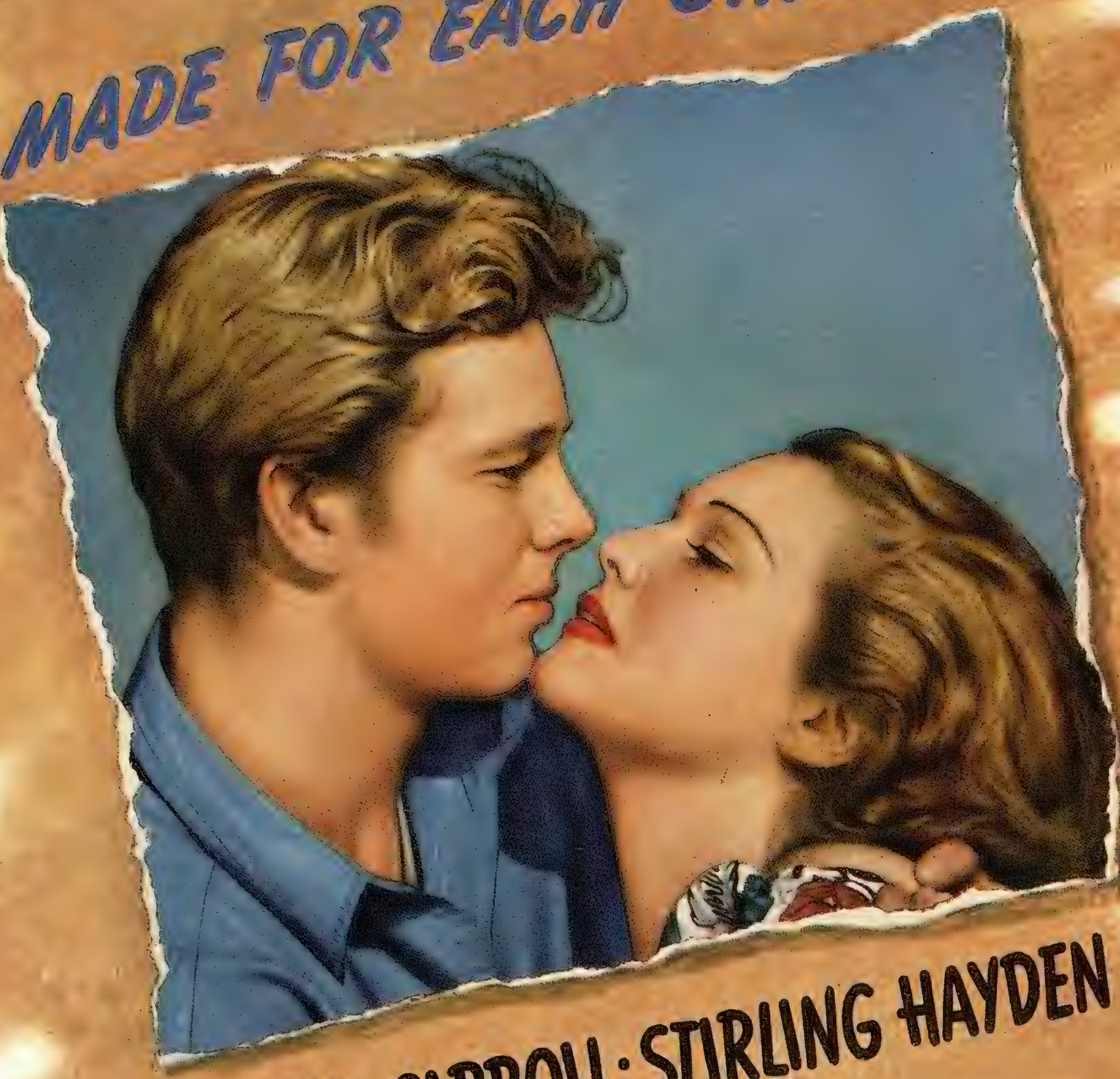
The masses were terrified by the dictatorship. Their nervousness heightened by cold and hunger, they rose and demanded free elections to the Soviets, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press—in brief, everything that had been promised them. In such circumstances idealists, too, become hard and unjust, and Trotsky shot down those sailors whom he had previously called the pride of the revolution. That is why, in his autobiography, he devotes only two lines to this ghastly incident.

Lenin alone sensed the danger which rose from the resentment of the masses, and made what was almost a complete reversal when he gave up part of his basic principles. He wrote: "Since we cannot take Socialism by storm, we will now study State Capitalism." Like the great strategist he was, he made a temporary withdrawal, and in this he resembled his master, Marx, who in a debate once said, and only half in jest, "I am no Marxist."

The retreat was confined to part of the economy and part of the land,

(*Continued on page 47*)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER!



MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN

TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN "BAHAMA PASSAGE"

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with **FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL**

MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELLAWAY

Produced and Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp   Based on a story by Nelson Hayes   A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE GOODWILL TOUR OF DON FLORENCIO DE LA PAMPA

EDITED BY JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. MOLINA CAMPOS

Don Florencio de la Pampa, one of the last of the gauchos, those romantic plainsmen of Argentina, has come to North America, with his horse Lucéro, on a goodwill tour. He got the idea from the traveling northerners he saw in his native land, all bent on making the good-neighbor policy work.

Mr. Erskine has been fortunate in getting Don Florencio's permission to edit the letters the visiting gaucho writes to his wife, which give his impressions of scenes and customs. At present he is in New York. He has seen Times Square, has met the traffic problem, and has enjoyed (?) a subway ride, on which Lucéro refused to accompany him —fearing asphyxiation, Don Florencio believes.

Last week he visited Grand Central Station, and was surprised at the North American thirst for information, made evident by the querying crowds around the center booth.

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ YESTERDAY Lucéro and I inspected Fifth Avenue, which is a long thoroughfare none too wide, and since the people up here prefer narrow streets, we found it difficult to get through the crowds. Lucéro wore the limp look which shows that he is thirsty. Though Fifth Avenue is provided with shops and other conveniences, there are few places on it where you can water a horse.

We came at last to an extraordinary building, a hundred stories high and having an up-and-down appearance which makes it seem higher. It is set back from the avenue quite a distance, and there's a deep hole in front of it, perhaps the quarry out of which they got the stone. You reach this quarry by a sloping sidewalk and a flight of steps. At the bottom of the quarry there's a spring. I took Lucéro down for a drink.

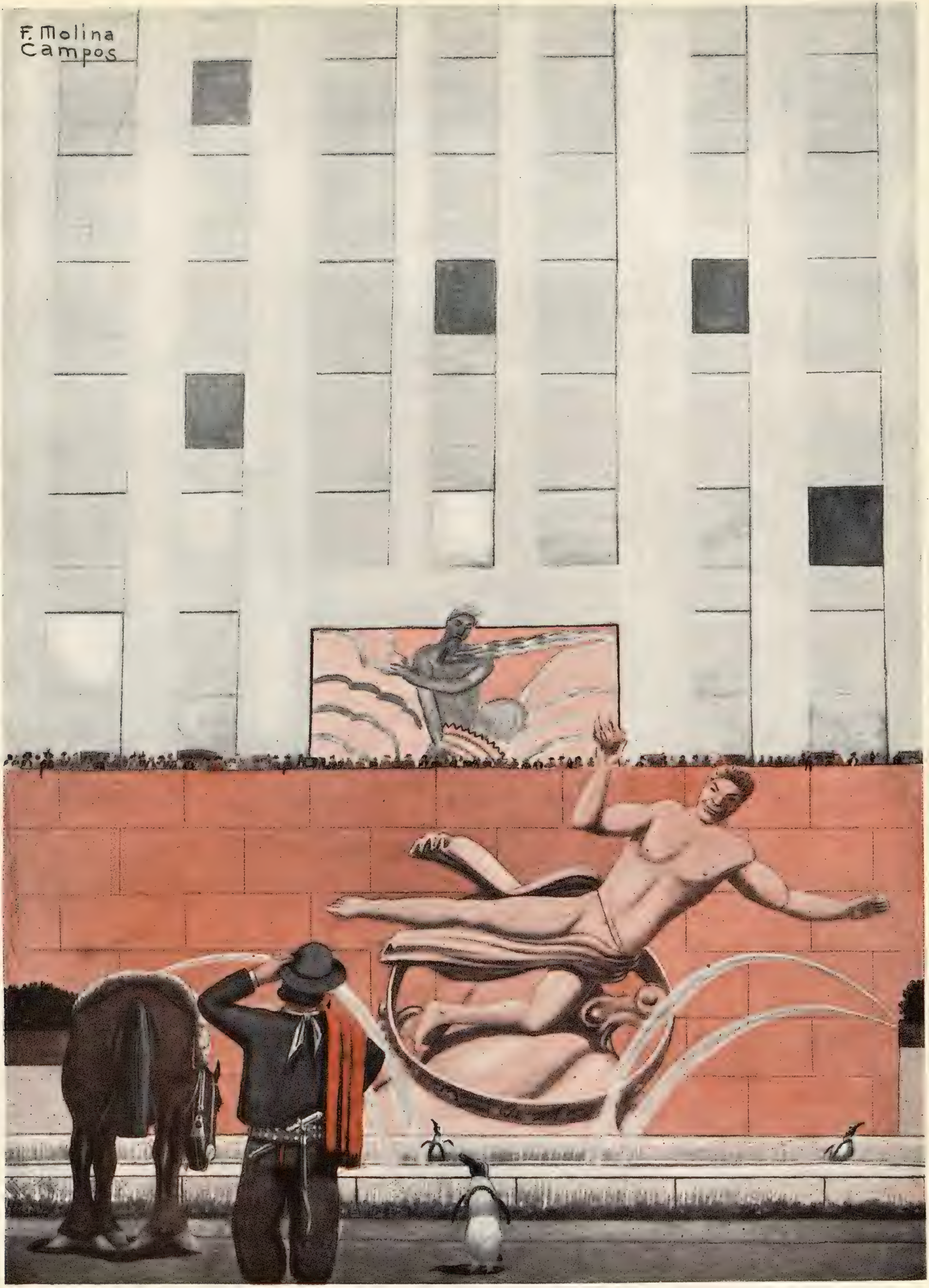
Every day my ideas about North Americans become more confused. I now doubt if they are practical people, and I suspect they are not as rich as they are said to be. They ought to have more watering troughs, easier to get to, and some one should tell them that those who are sure of their wealth don't exaggerate it.

The spring bubbles up in a fountain against the west side of the quarry. Over the fountain is a large shiny statue of a man, not upright, as the best sculpture usually is, but swimming sideways in the air. When you stand in front of the fountain and look at him, you can see in the background the first ten or twenty floors of the tall building, with that up-and-down effect I spoke of. Everything goes up and down except the statue of the man swimming sideways and a long row of people leaning over the fence and looking down at the quarry. I suppose the statue goes sideways to rest the eye from too much up-and-down. Perhaps they hire the people to stand in a row along the fence to help the crosswise design.

Lucéro would have enjoyed his drink if it hadn't been for the statue. After he had looked at it for a while he became melancholy, but you can't expect a horse to appreciate art. My own feeling is that it's better art than it seems, but I wish they hadn't gilded it. A friend of mine from Buenos Aires fell in love with a girl whose father had property, and he gilded his Ingersoll watch to show he was her social equal. Already the statue is wearing off around the toes. I suppose the tall building took all the money they had.

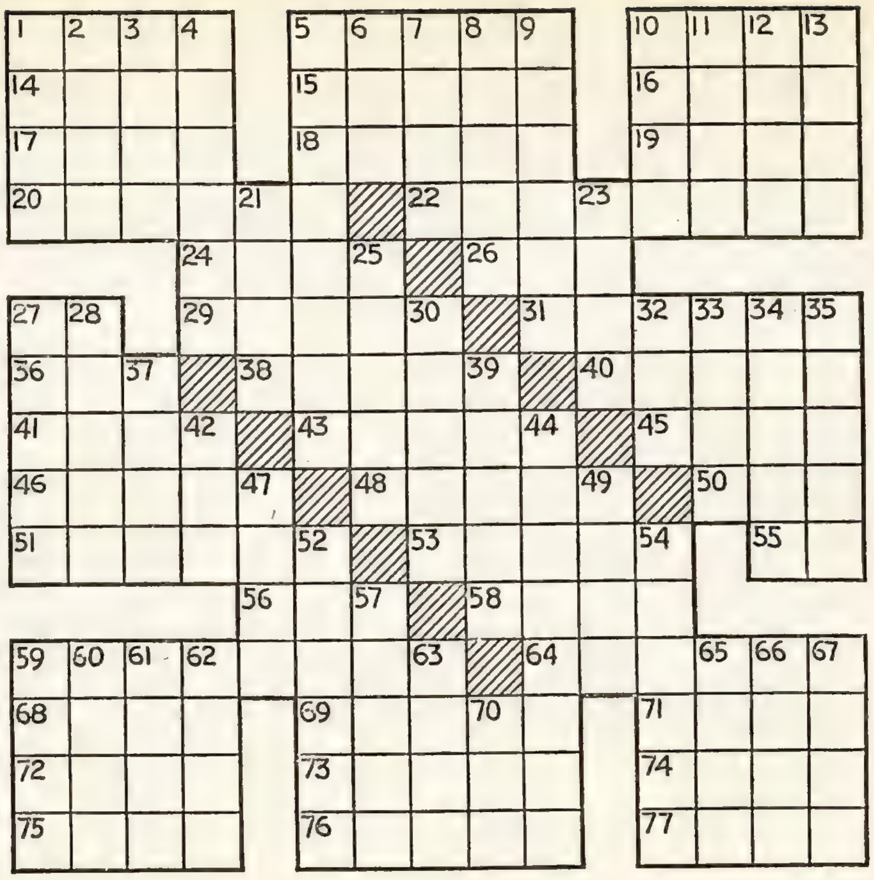
At the fountain we met some penguins, and it touched my heart to see Lucéro's pleasure in meeting friends from Argentina. How they got here, or why they came, I don't know. Perhaps they too, like Lucéro and me, are on a goodwill tour. They certainly look out of place.

THE END


F. Molina
Campos

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



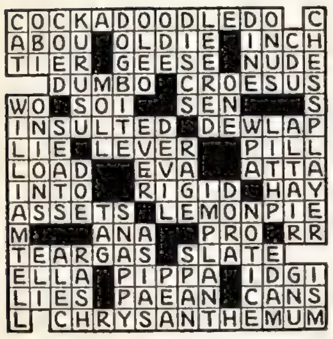
HORIZONTAL

1 Interjection
5 Stop
10 Hurried
14 Garment
15 Swift horse
16 Burden
17 Son of Adam
18 Goddess of peace
19 Spoken
20 Confusion
22 Former
24 Wicked
26 Part of wooden ship
27 Printer's measure
29 Renovate
31 Stick together
36 Point
38 Pertaining to a branch
40 Maritime
41 Lizard
43 Cherished
45 Greek goddess of youth
46 Shot in billiards
48 Not at all
50 Hydraulic engine
51 Overjoyed
53 Re-cover
55 Note of the scale
56 Place
58 Kind of bean
59 Appeases
64 Naval
68 Narrow path
69 Fragrance
71 Seaport in Arabia
72 Eager
73 Small island
74 Defunct
75 Story
76 Shelf
77 Consumes

VERTICAL

1 Street urchin
2 Part of the ear
3 Retired
4 Vendor
5 Lawbreaker
6 Spike of corn
7 Playing card (pl.)
8 Mexican title of respect
9 Pertaining to sandy wastes
10 Mortise
11 Prefix: equal
12 Cheese
13 Proofreader's term
21 Assert
23 Black
25 Fruit
27 Bring to light
28 Virtuous
30 Hesitate
32 Ejaculation
33 Always
34 Clerical collar
35 Oily resin
37 Seat of ancient Irish kings
39 Horizontal
42 In no way
44 Kill every tenth person
47 Plateau
49 Incarnation of Vishnu
52 Enumerate
54 Procession
57 Brief; to the point
59 Interweave
60 Molten rock
61 Indigo plant
62 Relinquish to another
63 Disposed of for a consideration
65 Product of reflection
66 Trim
67 Finishes
70 Combining form meaning large

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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Last week's answer

"RUN FETCH THE PARKAY, HONEY... WE'LL SPREAD 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!"
Parkay
made by KRAFT
OLEOMARGARINE
THE DELICIOUS VEGETABLE
KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY · MANUFACTURER · CHICAGO ILLINOIS
COOKIE-CRAFT

Yes . . . spread delicious Parkay Margarine on piping hot biscuits. Its delicate appetizing flavor makes it a wonderful spread and seasoning. Parkay is economical too—even economical enough to use in baking . . . and it's a real flavor-shortening. Grand for pan-frying too. Kraft makes Parkay extra good for your family by adding Vitamin A—9000 (U.S.P. XI) units per pound. And of course it's a top energy food.

Made by the Makers of Miracle Whip.

FREE COOKIE RECIPES! Send to Kraft Cheese Company, Chicago, for illustrated folder containing 11 Parkay cookie recipes.

Tune In "The Great Gildersleeve" Red Network every Sunday Evening

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

GOWN COURTESY OF BONWIT TELLER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ SOME girls employed as secretaries to exacting bosses become afflicted with alarm-clock twitch; they jump in their sleep, imagining the alarm has gone off. Nervous army recruits often suffer the same false-waking fidgets; *they* dream they've heard the bugle blow. . . . Scientific study of our slumber habits, both normal and abnormal, constitutes the interesting research job held by Martha Alden, a very pretty young lady who keeps a bed in her office as well as a desk. For Pequot Mills she experiments with sheets, pillowcases, bedmaking methods. She tests new mattresses, delves into sleep psychology. Ohio-born, she majored in home economics at Purdue. As a sleep consultant she now lectures to consumer-education groups, at women's clubs, colleges, schools. . . . "Light in your eyes," Martha told me, "disturbs your sleep more than noise does, yet a quiet room is best, since noise increases your blood pressure even though it may not awaken you. Avoid sleeping in direct light, or with a large mirror facing the bed. Light reflected from a mirror can be most unrestful." . . . Brides seldom know much about bedclothes, so many of them ask Martha for information. Every bed needs six sheets, she advises, every pillow four cases. Wearing cold cream and bobby pins to bed is what ruins bedding. Ninety per cent of all bedding is still white, only ten per cent fancy-colored. Your mattress should be no less than seventy-five inches long. Oil bedsprings once a week.

Martha Alden has invented bed exercises for insomniacs: a back-and-shoulder stretch, leg thrusts, deep-breathing exercises, all to give relaxation. Turning in your sleep is healthier, she says, than sleeping like a log. She uses a crescent-shaped pillow that lifts her head but not her shoulders. For sleeping on your back, with your toes sticking straight up, she has devised a special toe pleat, a way of folding the bedding so it builds a roomy little box that won't cramp your toes.

☆ CONCERNING bed troubles, here's a strange report from a friend to whom I mentioned the subject. Average size herself, she's married to a tall man. She says, "When we furnished our newlywed home I bought a good long bed. He couldn't sleep a wink in it. Ever since he grew up he'd been sleeping in beds too short for him. He was so accustomed to it that he just couldn't sleep unless his feet hung out."

☆ THE Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tennessee, has published a needed volume on bridal-shower entertaining, linen showers, etc. It is The Cokesbury Shower Book, by Katherine Fite and Garland Clawson Paine. ($1.75.)

☆ YOU'D be surprised by the way your refrigerator has to be able to take it as well as dish it out. At the Servel plant, Evansville, Indiana, I've just seen a machine especially made for the purpose of hitting refrigerators harder than the huskiest member of your family can sock. That's to test the enamel. Refrigerators are tested also by attempting to stain them with lard, butter, cold cream, and a dozen different acids. Other tests include baking them in a room as hot as an oven, then freezing them, works and all. I had no idea a refrigerator needs to be so tough. Maybe that's why refrigerator factories are quickly adaptable to the production of war apparatus.

☆ THE secret art of ham collecting was revealed to me by Louis Ruthenburg, Servel Company president. "Lovers of fine ham," he said, "have a pet brand they rave about. Praise some other brand to them, and they'll send you one of their choice, to prove it's best." . . . He admits that he, too, has thus been baited into giving hams away, but claims the stratagem has brought him free hams of every kind.

☆ PLAIN as it is, this *Canadian Ham Dinner* ranks high among family dishes for frosty seasons: . . . Have ham cut at least 1 inch thick. In roasting pan lay 2-pound slice lightly spread with mustard. Over the ham lay 6 raw potatoes sliced medium thick. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon paprika. Top with 2 large onions, sliced. Barely cover with milk; add fresh-ground black pepper, a pinch of thyme. Cover pan and bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve with watermelon pickle.

☆ WHEN I quoted a plumbing authority as thinking there might be only one lady plumber, information to the contrary came with a rush. Now a Chicago trade-school superintendent names Ethel Holly, former typist, as perhaps our lone lady welder. If he's wrong, I'll bet other lady welders will let him know, but emphatically!

PAGING MR. EINSTEIN

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

Author of Death Waits for a Lady, Hearts in Danger, and other well remembered Liberty serials

Two things fool the best of us—the ponies and what a girl will do . . Henry should have known

☆ SLIM HICKS, who has charge of us ushers, nudged me in the ribs. "Now there's a poor old bug," he said out of the side of his mouth, "that ought to be barred from the track. I'll lay you even money he's wearing his only shirt and I'll give you seven to one he loses it."

This old man with three books under one arm and a Racing Form under the other was easing into a general-admission seat just at the head of my aisle. He was a thin, stooped old fellow in a baggy whipcord suit. He balanced the books on his thin legs, spread the Racing Form out on top of them, adjusted his dime-store spectacles, and took out a pencil.

"They don't *all* lose," I said.

"They all lose," Slim asserted, and went on about his job.

The twelve sleek two-year-olds in the first race were mincing along toward the starting gate when the blonde and the young fellow who had Box F-11 for the season came in. The fellow's name was Larry Achlund and he was a drizzle-puss with a round soft pink face and a shape like a pillow tied in the middle.

The gal's name was Penny. She was one of those long-legged luscious babes with big brown eyes and inch-long lashes and swingy hips, but gorgeous. Now, my girl friend, Irma, who is on the hot dogs, is a nifty judy herself, but this gal Penny could give her eight lengths coming into the stretch and win breezing—but don't ask me if Penny could scramble eggs.

"Hello, Henry. Anything hot up your sleeve today?"

Penny was a tout's delight, always looking for tips, and once in a while when I gave her a good one she slipped me a buck or two.

"I heard some of the boys talking about Winsome Sue in the first," I said.

Penny crossed those lovely legs. "Larry, be a good lad and run down and put ten on Winsome Sue's nose."

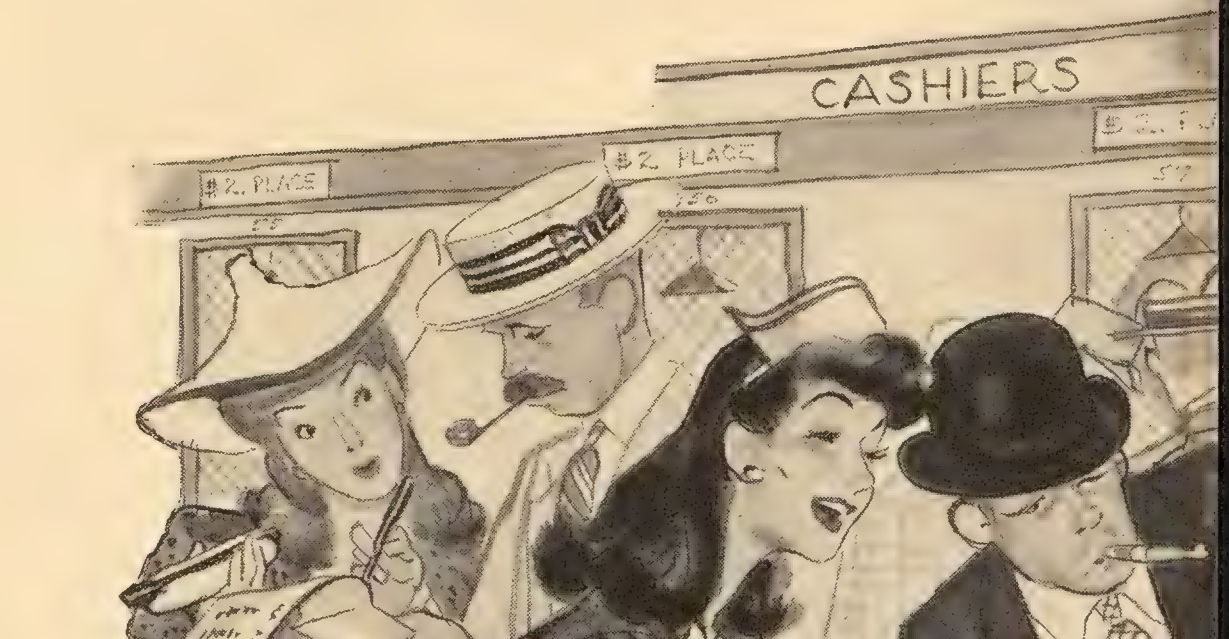
Larry looked like he didn't want to be a good lad, at least not ten dollars good, but he left the box and headed toward the windows.

The nags got off a couple of minutes later. I was busy jamming nine people into a box built for six when I heard the loud-speaker blaring:

"It's Winsome Sue and Courtney Blade and Budalong and—"

I heard Penny yelling in that husky voice: "Come on, Sue! Pick 'em up, baby!"

Then I heard the beetles thudding past the grandstand, but by the time I turned around they were over the



I walked up and said to Irma, "I'll have some pop, honey."

line. And Winsome Sue must have stopped somewhere to nibble daisies, because she was a dead last.

Penny shrugged, smiling at me, as I came up the aisle. But Larry tore up his ticket and growled:

"Thanks for the tip, Henry. Get me a waiter, will you?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry about that tip."

By the time I'd collared a waiter the red light was on, the race was official, and as I walked back to Aisle 3 the pay-off flashed on the "tote" board. This No. 7 horse that had won, Budalong, would pay $316.80 to win, $109.20 to place, and $38.40 to show. It wasn't a record, but still it was good enough to bring a long gasping "Whe-e-ew" from the crowd.

When I got back to my aisle the skinny old guy with all the books was showing a ticket to his neighbor, and he was wearing that modest smile, that oh-yes-I-had-him-on-the-nose look. I couldn't help leaning over and taking a peek at the ticket. There wasn't any mistake, because I read "First Race" and a big "7."

Well, I was happy for the old guy. You could tell just by looking at him—at his faded frayed shirt and his baggy worn pants and the hungry lean thrust of his jaw—that he needed the money bad.

I felt so pleased that I leaned over the rail behind Box F-11 and touched Penny on the shoulder.

"This old gentleman back here," I said, "had that winner on the nose."

Penny and Larry turned around, stared, and Penny called:

"Nice going, partner. How did you get onto that one?"

The old man smiled back and patted the pile of books in his lap.

Just then Slim Hicks hurried over and told me to go to the clubhouse, where they were short an usher. I took the longest way, which was down under the stands past the lunch counter. And there was this big Pinkerton, Louie, talking to Irma. I guess you'd call Irma petite. She's a quarter of an inch over five feet, weighs in at 110 with her tack, and she's as sweet as a long-shot winner on getaway day.

I walked up beside this ton of Pinkerton and said to Irma, "I'll have some pop, honey."

Irma came up with a bottle out of the ice tub, uncapped it, and set it in front of me in one swift motion of her dimpled right arm.

"Henry, have you been buying a ticket?" she asked suspiciously.

"Not me, honey," I vowed. "I haven't risked a dime."

Louie, the big ape, was looking me over. "The way you've been betting lately, have you *got* a dime?" he jeered.

I winked at Irma. "Tell him, sugar."

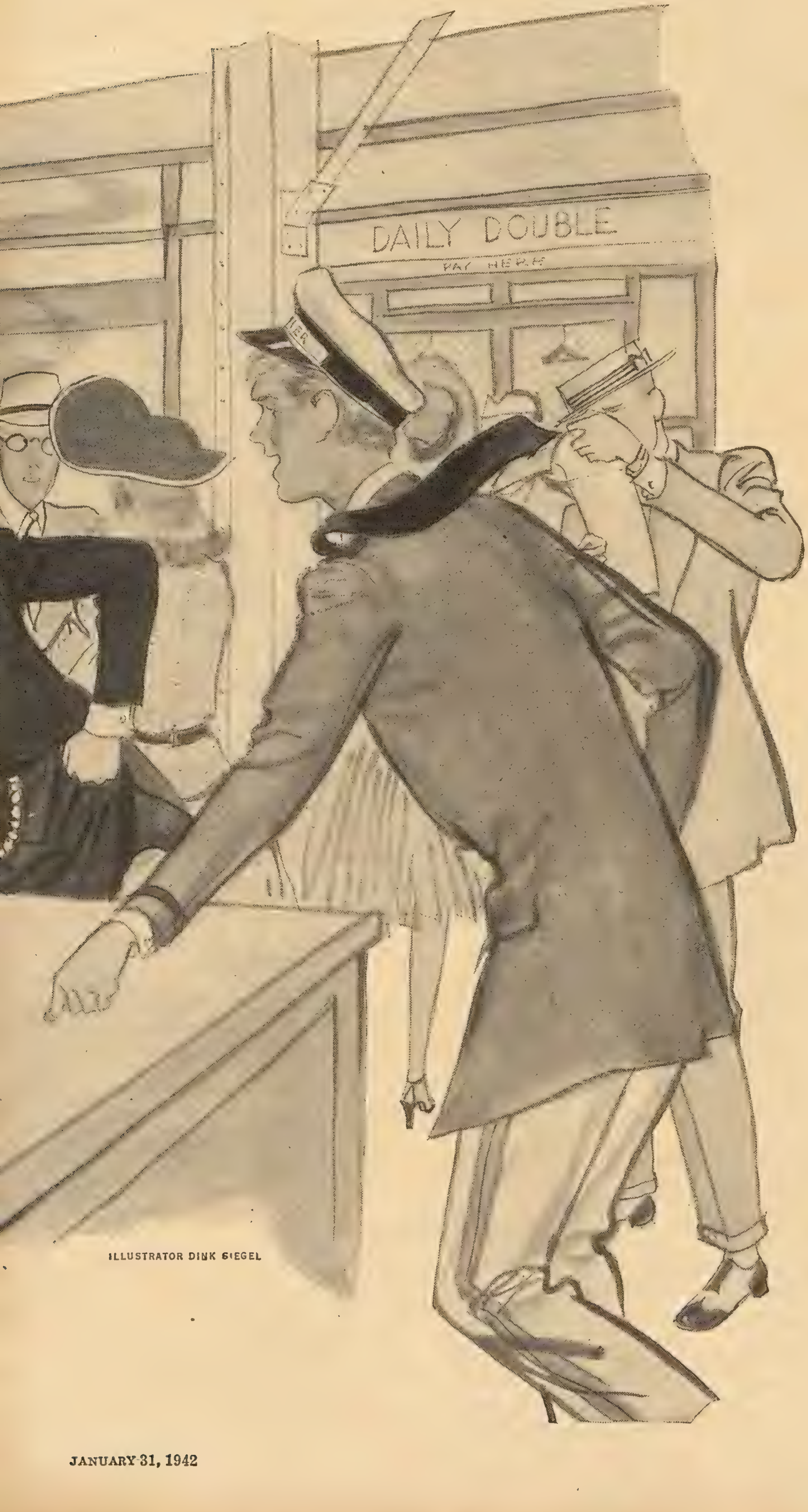
"Henry, you'd better get upstairs," Irma said quickly, flushing. "If Slim catches you down here he'll fire you."

Well, if Irma wouldn't tell him, I would. "Look, flatfoot. I not only got a dime, I got a half interest in four hundred and ten dollars that's in the bank in the name of who? One guess, flatfoot." And when he wouldn't guess: "Irma and me. We got it salted to buy a house, see? And when we get five hundred berries we buy the house and we get married."

"Henry!" Irma said. "You get upstairs right this minute!"

She was red to the ears by that time, and I knew she had been making an innocent little play for Louie. But I didn't mind. Irma wasn't any cheap plater that could be claimed by the first lug that came along with a lump of sugar and a halter.

I finished my pop and went over to the clubhouse. I was there until the nags in the fifth race were leveling on the backstretch. Then Slim came along and sent me back to Aisle 3.



ILLUSTRATOR DINK SIEGEL

By the time I got there the pay-off on the fifth had flashed on the tote board and the mob had quieted down.

And I saw this old guy, with that pleased look on his face again, get out of his seat and head for the stairs. The fellow who had the seat next to him, a big red-faced husky with clipped hair, was sitting there shaking his head, his beefy hands clasped thumbs out on his knees.

"Did the old boy have another winner?" I asked.

"*Another* winner! Brother, he's had five straight!"

Well, it's just that sort of thing—if you like horses and are interested in improving the breed—that brings out the goose pimples and sends the chills down your spine.

"The old bird's got a system," this big guy said. "He does it with these here books and a Racing Form."

He picked up the books and showed them to me. There were three of these books and the titles on the covers were: Logarithms of Numbers, Natural Sines and Cosines, and Logarithmic and Natural Haversines. The big guy thumbed through one of them, and I saw there was nothing in it but numbers—just numbers, like 8.41226 and .02584.

"Nice work if you can get it," I said. "But I don't get it. Won't the old geezer tip you off?"

"Naw; he won't talk. He spends all his time working these figures, and just before the race he goes down and buys a ticket. The fifth race, I follow him down, see? When he goes up to the window I'm right behind him. I almost climb on top of him trying to hear the number he calls. But he just whispers it and there's so much noise I can't hear him. After the race is over, he brings out the ticket and takes a look at it, like he was checking to make sure he was right. Well, brother, he's been right five times in a row. I seen the tickets."

* * *

AFTER my blood pressure went down a bit I stepped over behind F-11. "Look, Mr. Achlund. Could you tell me what a haversine is?"

Penny turned around and smiled at me. "Where did you pick up that word, Henry?"

"Off a book this old duck has. I picked up some other words, too. Logarithm and sine and cosine. What do they mean?"

"They have to do with figures and angles," Penny said, "but don't ask me what. How has the old duck been doing since the first race?"

"He's had five in a row. Right on the schnozzle."

Penny gasped. Larry perked up and finally twisted around in his chair. "Where is this Einstein?"

I nodded toward the old man, who had come back and buried himself in his books and figures. Penny and Larry stared at him, and Penny said in an awed whisper:

"Five in a row! Imagine it! Larry, I wonder if he really has something."

Well, this old Einstein had something, all right. After the sixth race he hauled out a ticket on Billingsgate, who came in by a length at eleven to one. In the seventh he was on Willy's Folly, who rolled home by a nose at even money. And in the eighth he had Luckless, who took the six-furlong sprint by a head at nine to two.

I went out of there limp as a rag and wet with perspiration. It isn't every day you see a miracle.

Waiting in my car for Irma, I tried to get myself calmed down. But every time I thought of the old guy I got all hot again—wondering if he'd be there tomorrow.

When Irma finally came out, she was with that ton of Pinkerton, Louie.

I threw open the door, said, "Hop in, honey. I've got to step on it or I'll be late for my welding class." Just to let Louie know I wasn't going to be an usher all my life.

Louie helped Irma into the car. "How much did you lose today, Henry?" he asked.

I reached over and yanked the door shut and drove off. Once we were out of the parking lot and on the main highway, Irma queried:

"How much *did* you lose, Henry?"

"I didn't buy a single ticket, babe."

"Well, if you do any more betting—you know—"

"I know, I know, honey! I tell you, I didn't buy a single ticket today."

I felt her watching me, and then I knew she could see what I'd been trying to hide: that I was steamed up like a retread in a vulcanizer. I couldn't hold it any longer.

"Irma, an old duck in a seat by my aisle picked eight in a row today."

"Did he really?"

"Yeah. He's an Einstein. He does it with haversines and cosines and logarithms. Just think of it—eight on the button."

"I'm thinking of it."

I heard a faint knocking and I thought for a minute my old crate was developing a loose con rod. Then I knew Irma was tapping her foot on the floor board—and I knew I'd better shut up about Mr. Einstein.

* * *

WE drove a couple more blocks. Then:

"Henry?"

"Yes, Irma."

"You haven't got any ideas, have you?"

"Well, there's a good double bill at the Vista—and I could skip my welding class—"

"Henry!"

"Yes, Irma."

"How much have we in the bank?"

"Four hundred and ten berries. Why?"

"I was just wondering."

She let it go at that, but I couldn't; and I still blame her a little for putting the idea into my head. Because the next morning I went to the bank and drew out two hundred dollars.

That afternoon, after I got into my uniform, I strolled over to the dog stand on my way upstairs. Irma was waiting for me with blood in her eye. She tossed a five-spot over the counter.

"That's the *rest* of your share," she told me. Her blue eyes were flashing and her cheeks were flushed.

"Aw, Irma," was all I could think to say.

"I stopped at the bank to put in ten dollars, and I checked the balance, and they told me you drew out two hundred this morning." Her voice shook. "Well, you didn't draw out that two hundred to pay your rent. So—I told you—"

She gulped a little and stood waiting for me to say something.

Just then I saw Louie looming up like a tank truck coming over a hill. I didn't want him to see Irma crying, which was what she was going to do, so I had to make her mad. I said:

"No dame is going to tell me what I can't do with *my* dough."

I stuck the five-spot in my pocket and went upstairs. I was sunk, because I knew I'd have a hard time explaining to Irma that I was only thinking of her when I made that crack. Did she want that Pink to see her crying?

Upstairs I found Larry Achlund alone in his box and Penny sitting in the seat next to the one old Einstein had occupied the day before. Penny was making up her lips while she watched the early pencil pushers trickling into the stands.

When she saw me she leaned forward and said, in that husky whisper that made my spine prickle:

"Page Mr. Einstein, will you, Henry?"

"Maybe he won't be out today," I said.

"Did you ever hear of anybody quitting after pegging eight straight?" she came back. "Anyway, if you see him, try to steer him over here, will you?" She patted the empty seat beside her.

"Sure thing."

She gave me one of those smiles. "If anything develops, Henry—I won't forget you."

Right then that two hundred dollars began to smolder in my hip pocket.

For four or five minutes people began to pile up on me and I was so busy I couldn't even watch for the old guy. But finally I turned around, and there he was in the seat beside Penny, and already he had his books open and his pencil was going a mile a minute.

And Penny's legs weren't crossed any more and she looked demure and sweet, and she smiled at me in a way that said, "It's in the bag, Henry!"

My spirits zoomed like a gunned Spitfire.

* * *

THREE minutes before post time the old man closed his books, took a squint at the tote board, heaved himself out of his seat, and headed into the sellers' windows. Larry, watching him, popped out of his box, and I heard him ask:

"What's he on, Penny?"

"Search me, Larry," she shrugged.

"Well, cheer up. There are seven more races. Take your time."

Well, she took all afternoon and it was *still* no soap. The old man got the first, Rose Dawn, at two to one. He missed the second—I saw him tear up a ticket on My Irene, which finished sixth in a field of eight. He got hot on the third. And he stayed hot the rest of the afternoon—betting them on the nose for two berries and hauling out a winning ticket for each of the final six races.

I must have got the fever from Larry and Penny, who had it bad. Though Penny didn't get a single tip from the old man, she and Larry started plunging. I sent down two dollars with Larry first, then a fin, and by the time the last race came around I was sending down tenspots.

That's what it does to you when you see a guy collecting one bet after another. You think: Nuts, I can do it too! And you go crazy.

Well, on the last race I was lucky. I had gone back to an old system I used once before: betting on the first black horse that walks out of the paddock. In the eighth race the first black horse happened to be Breezy Phil, a three-to-one shot. He came home by about ten lengths. And I was only out forty-eight dollars for the day.

I ran downstairs and got my clothes changed and went out to cash my ticket. Most of the crowd was gone by that time. I collected forty-one dollars and then I strolled over to the hot-dog stand. Irma was still working, tidying up.

"I'll be waiting for you at the car, honey," I said.

"Don't honey me," she shot back. "I just saw you over at the cashier's window."

"Well, is it any crime to collect forty-one dollars the track owed me because I picked a winner?"

"No, it's no crime; but I'm driving home with Louie."

"O. K. I'll give you a buzz later."

"Save your slug, dearie," she came back.

☆ I WENT out so sunk I didn't see old Einstein until I practically ran him down. He was heading for the train gate and I said:

"I'll be glad to drive you into town in my car, sir."

He shied away from me. Then he recognized me and he smiled and said:

"Oh, yes. You're the usher. It's very kind of you to offer to drive me in."

He fell into step beside me and I said: "Those trains aren't very comfortable, are they?" And when he didn't rise to that, I remarked, "You've been giving the machines a terrible beating lately, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," he said easily. "Yes, I've been averaging ninety-one per cent."

And a professional handicapper who averages *thirty* per cent is supposed to be a whiz!

"I imagine you wonder why I haven't a car and a chauffeur waiting

"I'm known at home as the ugly duckling"

"Hm! Pretty good-looking duckling to me! What d'you mean, you're known at home . . . ?"

"Dad calls me that on account of what I *used* to be. You should have known me then! Thin, skinny, run-down—I even used to . . ."

"Used to *what?*"

"Scare babies, like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"Say it in English!"

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . ."

"Pretty soon—a dream come true! But what's this business about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take yeast. Lookit! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious!"

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Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the important vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B_1, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

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for me," he went on. "Well, I am a simple person and I never use my profits for myself. I live on a small pension and I give everything I make to my charities. I am not, you see, interested in making money."

Not interested in making money! I almost fell on my face.

"Then why do you play 'em?" I asked, guiding him between a couple of parked cars.

"I play to satisfy my ego. You see, I started working out my system nearly forty years ago, when I was an assistant professor of mathematics at Cornell. I became convinced that horse racing could be beaten and I set about proving it. Well, it took me a long time. My system isn't perfect. No system can be absolutely perfect, because there must always be a few intangibles which cannot be reduced to logarithms. But I am satisfied with what I have done and it gives me a great deal of egotistical gratification to prove to myself and to the world—the little world around me at the track—that I, Benjamin McSweeney, have accomplished something which many brilliant mathematicians have declared impossible. As for gambling, I am unalterably opposed to it." I felt his sharp old eyes boring into me. "*Particularly,*" he added, "for young people like yourself. You never gamble, do you, young man?"

I said, dazed: "Here's my crate, Mr. McSweeney."

And all the way to Lander Junction, where I let him out, he talked about the fine spring weather!

Well, the next day it started all over again, with Penny sitting up beside McSweeney and getting nowhere, and with the old guy going to town like a fire truck. He had Kneeling Marine, who won the first, and Hold Tight, who won the second. He missed the third, tearing up a ticket on Should I.

In the fourth he was on Lover's Lane, which came in by a nose. He had the winner of the fifth, Serenade, and he came right back in the sixth with Fadeout. The seventh ended in a photo finish and the judges called it a dead heat between Hilo and Mandrake. And Mr. Einstein hauled out a ticket on Mandrake good for $14.60.

I couldn't stand any more of it. I went downstairs to see if Irma would give me a tumble. I found her as busy as a groom with eight horses to rub down. She didn't even see me as I said:

"I'll have a coke, please."

If she recognized my voice, she didn't bat an eye. I stuck a straw in the coke to make it last longer, and I was halfway through it when some one banged me in the small of the back.

"Bet-a-Million Smith! How you doing, boy?"

It was Louis, and he caught me too sunk to give him a rise. "I've lost seventy-four dollars so far today," I said before I could stop myself.

You see, I'd caught that fever from Penny and Larry the day before and I was still running a temperature. I was still kidding myself, saying, "If that old dope can do it, I can do it too."

Louie shook his head. "You ought to lay off, Henry," he said, not kidding. "You're new at the game, but I've been following it fifteen years. If it could be beaten, wouldn't I know it? Take a tip from a pal, Henry. Play it for fun, if you can afford it, but if you can't afford it—don't be a sucker."

Burning, I shoved the bottle back across the counter and walked away. Heading back to the stairs, I almost bumped into McSweeney coming down. I side-stepped him, and then I saw that Penny was right on his heels and Larry was trailing Penny.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

FROM THE LAND OF THE SILENT PEOPLE, by Robert St. John.

As correspondent for the Associated Press the author was caught in Belgrade when the capital suffered quick retaliation for the anti-Nazi military coup upsetting the deal that would have handed the country over. For weeks there was no detailed news from the Balkans as German forces drove swiftly south along the Dalmatian coast and met the smaller than rumored British units in the debacle of Greece. The climax was the naval rescue of the remnants. All that is the bare background for which St. John fills in the vivid details as he saw them in by far the best book of action reporting to come out of the war. You don't know the half of that campaign! News was stopped. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

That looked hot, and I felt for my wallet and slid in at the end of the parade. Penny followed the old guy right up to one of the two-dollar windows. I crowded in behind Larry, while ice water trickled down my spine.

This, I knew, was the pay-off. This little deal, whatever it was, would make me rich.

McSweeney leaned forward and whispered a number. The seller punched a button. The old man reached for the ticket slot to get the pasteboard. But Penny shoved his hand aside, caught the ticket as it popped out, held it up. I only got a flash at it, and I couldn't tell whether it was upside down or not. I couldn't tell whether it was No. 6 or No. 9.

"Here! Here!" McSweeney cried.

"Keep your shirt on, grandpop!" Penny snapped, and shoved the ticket into his hand. She gave him a hard push that bent him back over the brass rail that separated the windows; she slid past him and came out into the mob.

I was right there waiting with Larry.

"What was it, Penny?" I asked quickly.

She gave me one look, and it was a plenty mean look, and snapped:

"Get out of our way, Henry! Do you think we're going to let you knock down the odds?"

And they scrammed for the hundred-dollar window! My pal Penny!

Well, nuts to Penny, I thought. I went over to the ten-dollar window and bought three tickets on No. 6, which was My Sis, and three more on No. 9, which was Okie. All six tickets on the nose. Shoving the pasteboards in my pocket, I took a quick one at the odds board. No. 6 was two to one and No. 9 was twenty to one. If No. 9 came in I'd make $570 net, and if No. 6 came in I'd still pick up thirty dollars. Yes, gorgeous, nuts to you! I thought again.

☆

THE bell rang just as I was heading out to see the race. But the crowd was jammed in the entrance and I couldn't see a thing. I heard the announcer bellow: "At the quarter it's My Sis by five lengths. Sally B. by a length." He named six or seven nags, but not Okie, my twenty-to-one shot.

Then: "At the half it's My Sis by six lengths, Carnival by half a length, Sally B. by two lengths." And again Okie didn't get a call.

Well, it looked like Mr. Einstein had been on My Sis and I was going to net thirty dollars on the race instead of $570.

Then I heard some one shouting: "Smith! Gimme a hand here."

I turned around and saw Louie. He was kneeling beside McSweeney, who was lying face down on the concrete. I ran over, shoved through the little crowd that was gathering.

"What happened, Louie?"

"The old boy fainted. Get your arm around him, Henry, and we'll take him into the first-aid room."

McSweeney was light as a feather. We carried him into the first-aid room, and this nurse we called Old Hatchet-Face took one look at him and nodded toward the high white-sheeted bed on the other side of the room.

"Tch, tch, tch!" she clucked. "Poor old Stooper McSweeney! Fainted again, huh?"

We laid him out on the bed.

"It must be tough—his age and going around hungry," Louie remarked. "Well, that's what it does to you. Take a good look at him, Henry, and then go home and think about him."

"Listen, what is this?" I said. "That guy has been making more dough than Challedon. You know what his average is for this meeting? Ninety-one per cent winners! I been seeing the tickets myself the last three days! Boom, boom, boom! He pegs 'em right on the nose practically every time."

☆

LOUIE and Hatchet-Face looked at each other and laughed.

"All right," I said. "It's funny. But that guy has a system. He uses logarithms."

"And talks about his ego, huh?" Louie chuckled. "And he tells you he gives all he wins to his favorite charities."

"I saw the tickets," I insisted.

"You want to see some more? You want to see the winning ticket on the eighth race? O. K."

Hatchet-Face was pouring out a shot of whisky. Louie bent over McSweeney and started taking tickets out of his pockets, two out of each of his vest pockets, one out of each of his coat pockets. Louie finally handed the pasteboards to me.

"See?" he said. "He was all set to pull out a ticket on the winner. Take your choice, Henry. They're all there. One, two, three—right up to ten."

I stared at the pasteboards. There were ten tickets, all right, one for every horse in the eighth race.

"But he only bought *one* ticket!" I gasped.

Hatchet-Face and Louie laughed. "Look closer, Henry," Louie said.

I looked closer—and felt the blood rushing into my face. The tickets were old losing pasteboards which had been thrown away on other days.

"He didn't," said Louie, "get that nickname 'Stooper' for nothing. And as a stooper he's the best in the business."

It made me out pretty green to ask it, but I had to. "What's a stooper, Louie?"

☆ "WELL, after every race there are a certain number of winning tickets thrown away by dopes who think the horse they played didn't run in the money. These dopes are either new to the game or they're too pie-eyed to know they bought a ticket on the winner. A stooper is a guy who goes around spotting good tickets and picking them up. Ordinarily we run them off the track, because the 'outs,' as we call them, may amount to fifty or sixty grand in a meeting and we give it to charity. But we make an exception of McSweeney."

"Sure," Old Hatchet-Face growled as she poured whisky down McSweeney. "You make an exception of McSweeney because every cent he picks up he pours right back into the machines."

Louie shrugged, grinning. "Well, he's hard to catch—if you want the truth. That old boy can spot a cashable ticket at forty paces. And he can pick it up without breaking his stride, so fast you hardly know he stooped at all."

By that time I was plenty dizzy. "*Sometimes* he actually buys a ticket on the winner," I said.

"Sure. Now and then he hits one," Hatchet-Face said. "But so what? The money goes right back where it came from. That's why the poor old fool is practically starving to death."

"But this gag he pulls," I said, "hauling out old tickets on every winner—I—"

"Ego, my boy. Ego," said Louie. "A three-letter word meaning vanity. He plants those old tickets before every race, just so he can impress the people around him by flashing one on the winner."

McSweeney was coming to. He lay there on the pillow, swallowing feebly, looking up at us.

"How do you feel, Stooper?" Louie asked, grinning.

"I'm—all—right," the old man said weakly. "Who won—the eighth race?"

I slid out of there.

Who *had* won the eighth race? Well, I didn't care much. I didn't, really, care enough to look at the board as I worked my way through the mob under the grandstand to the locker room and changed my clothes. It takes a lot out of you to find that something you thought was a miracle was only done with mirrors.

Later, heading toward my car, I passed an ancient Packard. Penny and Larry were sitting in the front seat. They looked plenty sunk and I heard Penny saying:

"My fault! Listen, jerk! You saw that ticket yourself!"

I found my car and got in and waited, not very hopefully. But after a while Louie and Irma came out, and Irma stopped my car, and Louie said:

"Drop over some evening, Irma, and the missus will give you that recipe."

"How's McSweeney getting on?" I asked.

"He was fine for a while," Louie said. "He thought he had two bucks on Okie, which came in at twenty to one. Then he found it was last week's ticket, and he had a relapse. Well, so long."

Okie! Okie at twenty to one! Boy, oh boy!

☆ IRMA got in beside me without a word. I said: "Honey, I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't have done it, but I bought three ten-dollar tickets on this Okie nag. And these tickets are worth $630. Ain't it grand?"

I took out the pasteboards and handed them over to her. She sat there looking at them. Her hands were trembling.

"Now we can buy the house," I said. "We can even furnish it. Look, Irma! Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"Yes, Henry." Her voice choked up a little. "I will marry you tomorrow."

Then calmly and deliberately she tore the tickets into little pieces and threw them out of the car. And as they fluttered away on the wind, she asked, with that same little choke in her voice:

"But now—will *you*—marry *me* tomorrow?"

For an instant I was so mad I almost blacked out. But gradually, through the mist, I saw old Stooper McSweeney lying on that cot in the first-aid room—and the desperate faces of a few other suckers I'd seen around the track. And all at once I got Irma's point.

I put my arm around her and kissed her.

"O. K., babe," I said. "Lead me to the starting gate."

THE END

"Tough Take-offs are easy with COOL SHAVES!"

● "I know fellows who take up a crate with gusto, but a razor with qualms. To them I say, 'Bail out from shaves that sting and burn!' Drop into any druggist's for Ingram's cooling, soothing shaving cream.

• • •

● "At the first touch of this different cream you zoom to shaving satisfaction. A cloud of cooling lather covers your face in split seconds—helps condition your skin for shaving as it wilts whiskers.

• • •

● "*Contact!* You shave with a freer hand—as smoothly as a glide to a 3-point landing. And with minutes shaved off your shaving time, you're down to earth *refreshed* for breakfast and business or dinner and dance.

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INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

MISSISSIPPI BELLE

Moon on her shoulders, gold in her hair . . . but what Bruce wanted was money!

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ CAITLIN PRESWALD, widowed at seventeen when her young husband shot himself after losing all his money at gambling, goes into partnership with Jim Blake, a River gambler, in a house he is opening in New Orleans. As Kate Ryan, she sings there for eight years, applauded by the customers and regarded as a notorious woman by the decent people of the city. Her one ambition is to make a home for her small son—whom she has put in a school—in a place where she will be known only as Mrs. Preswald, a respectable widow.

At last her chance comes, and she goes upriver to Memphis, takes a small house, and sends for her boy James, now eight, to live with her. She has met Dan Bedford, who owns a cotton plantation near Memphis, before the death of her husband, and when she meets him again he is unaware that she has ever been Kate Ryan, and introduces her to his friends—among them President Andrew Jackson—as Mrs. Preswald. James becomes devoted to Dan and thoroughly approves Caitlin's decision to marry him as soon as the political campaign is over. Bedford is running for State Assemblyman on the Democratic ticket, with President Jackson's encouragement, although he knows he will be defeated.

Then Caitlin's little world starts crumbling about her. Bruce Norris, a ne'er-do-well who frequented Blake's in New Orleans, recognizes her. She denies she is Kate Ryan, but he is sure she is and sees a way of making some money out of the situation. He tells Lilian Lansfield, a vindictive woman who dislikes Caitlin, and she—as he expected—is eager to expose the attractive Mrs. Preswald. Bruce says he can get proof in New Orleans that Caitlin is really Kate Ryan, but that he will need at least three thousand dollars for bribes. Lilian gives it to him. Bruce also intends, if possible, to get more money from Caitlin by promising to suppress his evidence of her identity.

PART NINE—THE SONG THAT LICKED THE MAN SHE LOVED

☆ LUCK, Bruce Norris felt, had turned at last. First, he had cashed the draft for fifteen hundred without much trouble. Second, discreet inquiries had shown that Blake's was making money, and a lot of money this fall—that augured well for what he might get out of Kate when he got back to Memphis.

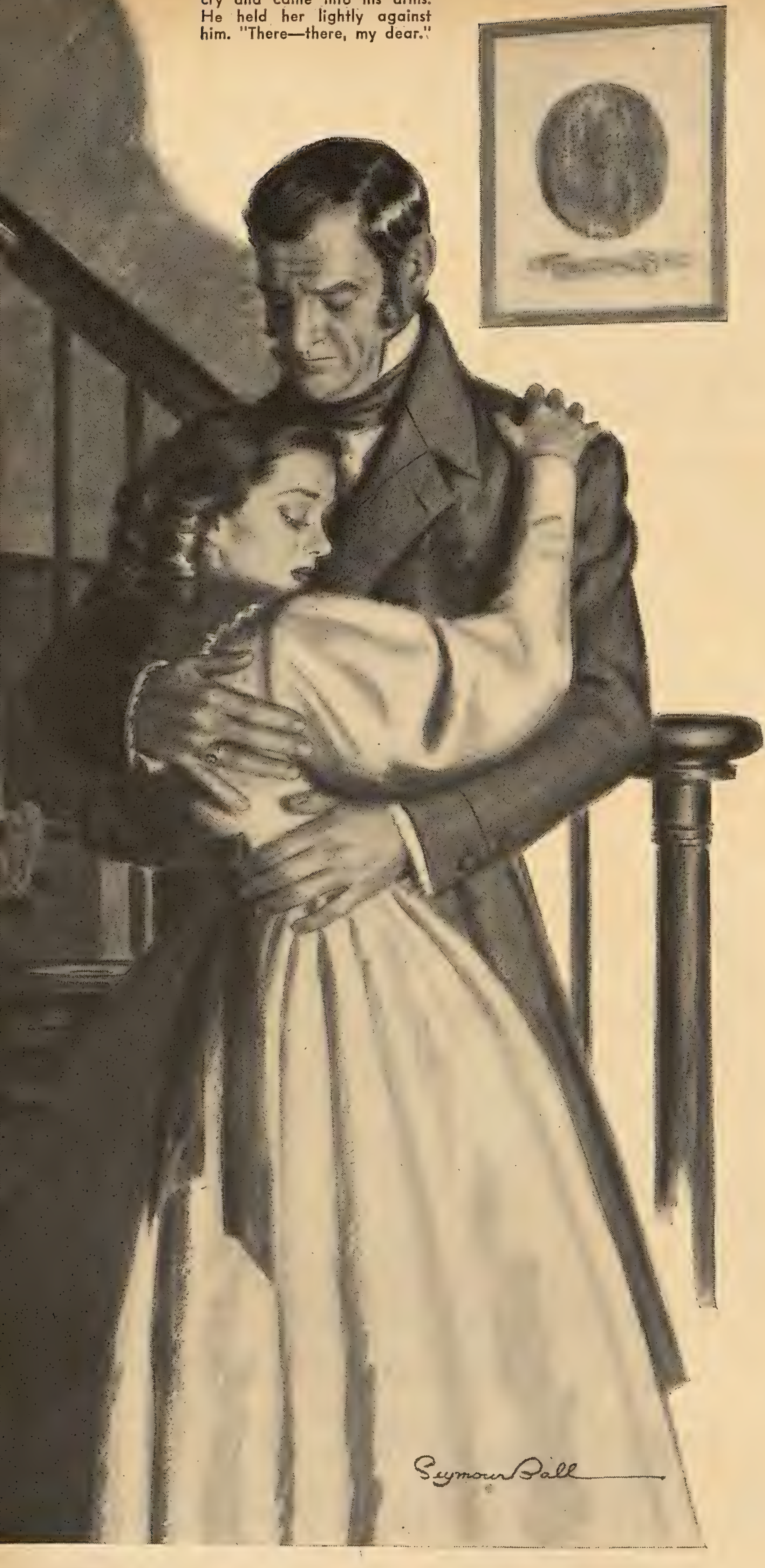
For he was going back to Memphis. On the boat on the way down, he had debated just discounting the draft and going to Texas. But fifteen hundred wasn't enough for a gentleman who wanted to make an impression on Texas. And another fifteen hundred was waiting for him just by touching at Memphis again. Might get a little something extra from that hay-colored wench, in the bargain—he'd pretty well kissed her down.

It was not luck, it was careful and accurate timing, that brought the thing off. The River Queen left for Memphis at ten in the morning. It wasn't the boat that Bruce Norris with fifteen hundred in his pockets would have chosen—but Jim Blake liked to sleep in the morning, and he wanted to avoid Jim Blake.

At half past nine Bruce Norris found Coolin carefully sweeping the doorstep. He said, "Miss Ryan needs you, Coolin. She's upriver, and she has asked me to tell you she needs you."

Coolin put down his broom. "Now let me get me little bag—I've kep' it ready for the day—an' tell Mr. Blake—"

"No time for that, Coolin. I've got a bag packed and ready for you. The



She gave a little gasping cry and came into his arms. He held her lightly against him. "There—there, my dear."

boat leaves in twenty minutes. Come on!"

Said Coolin, "I will not be hindered from gettin' me swagtail coat an' me high hat. Barring that, I will come at once, sor. And I will also get me little bag—her ladyship wouldn't have me come dirty, and, wit' all respect, I'd not like to use any bag you'd packed for me. I know when the River Queen sails, and I will be on her."

"Come *on!*" Norris made the mistake of trying to hurry Coolin by shouting at him. "I've got a cab waiting."

"Let you go in your cab, Mr. Norris. I will come in another, and I will be there in time. . . . Now listen to me, Mr. Norris: I will go anywhere for her ladyship, and I will commit blood, murder, or sudden death for her ladyship. But, savin' your presence, sor, I wouldn't want to be seen in a cab or any place else with yourself at all. . . . Now, please, Mr. Norris, don't put up your hands at me. I'm a very strong man, sor. I never liked ye, sor, but I'll be on the River Queen."

This was no time for Bruce Norris to stop to teach an inferior a lesson. . . . He saw Coolin come aboard the River Queen at the last moment, bag, swagtail coat, high hat, and all. He saw him inspect the ticket which he, Bruce Norris, had bought for him, and which the purser presented. He saw Coolin tear the ticket, shove it down the big brass cuspidor, dig out a little canvas sack and pay for his own ticket in quarters and pennies and dimes. . . . Coolin was going to be hard to handle.

But again luck was with Bruce Norris. Ten hours of the slow upriver chunking of the River Queen, and Coolin developed a fine case of intermittent fever. He sweated and he chilled. When he tried to leap out of his bunk and smash the door, he would fall on the floor, weak as a kitten, and lie twitching. . . . And through it all Norris nursed him.

At Memphis he took Coolin off the boat, weak and half delirious. It was late at night. He got him into a carriage—the driver thought it was a drunk gentleman—and took him to the little house on Pontotoc Street.

Again Bruce Norris was lucky. He didn't know how lucky—when he had left town, Caitlin had had the deputy taken off her house.

"Help him in!" Bruce ordered the driver. He clapped Coolin's high hat onto Coolin's head and put Coolin's little bag into the driver's hand. The driver eased him up the dark path, and Norris pulled the bell and stepped back into the shadow.

An oblong of light sprang out. Framed in the doorway, Caitlin stared out, clutching a bedgown about her.

Coolin said, "Ah, yer little ladyship! Ye called for me—I'm a very strong man, yer ladyship—" He collapsed just inside the doorway.

The driver said, "Hyeah de bag, ma'am. De yuther gain'lman, he seem to kindo dissolve. Hit's two bits, ma'am."

Norris waited in the shadow until he had heard Caitlin's startled gasp and heard her tell the driver, "You'll have to help me get him upstairs."

And that, Norris thought, arranged the affair of Kate Ryan. With Blake's chucker out installed in her house, it would take a clever girl to keep on being Mrs. Preswald of Memphis.

It remained now to get his other fifteen hundred from Lilian Lansfield. He had an uneasy feeling that might not be as easy as it sounded.

☆

STROLLING, the next night, beneath the McVeigh oaks with Miss Lansfield at his side, he realized that his feeling had amounted practically to a prophecy. The moon gleamed on Miss Lansfield's white shoulders—it glinted in her hair. And—oh, tonight she didn't want to talk about money!

"Look, Bruce—that moonlit glade! Can't you just see a knight riding through in silver armor?"

"Yeh, Miss Honey-belle, I see him. And those two behind him are his tailor and a process server."

She giggled and told him he did say the most amusing things. . . . "But, seriously, Bruce—you *have* been my knight in this. I want to reward you—suitably—"

Bruce's spirits began to rise. "Why, loveliness—"

"Bruce! You—you may kiss me. On my mouth, if you want to!"

Oh, heavens! Well, if that was what she wanted—

". . . Bruce! Bruce—no! . . . I'll scream! . . . Mr. Norris—you unspeakable—" She was gasping—smoothing her dress.

He looked at her dazedly. "Miss Lilian"— he guessed this was the lead to follow; he had used it before—"Miss Lilian, I reckon I didn't know. I— But you—you know how you get into a man's blood—how you drive him crazy, here in the moonlight!"

"Well—I'm sure I never intended—"

"Oh, no!"—bitterly. "You don't know how the moon looks on your shoulders, do you? You don't know the gold in your hair? . . . All right—come in here, where it's dark."

He drew her under the circle of a great water oak. The branches swept the ground and left an enchanted ring, the world shut out. . . . "Now," said Bruce Norris, "it's dark—I can't see you. I can apologize."

"It—it's like a bower!" He heard her little intake of breath and thought he was doing very well.

"Oh!" she gasped half an hour later as they crawled out of Colonel McVeigh's pet oak. "My hair! They'll all know!" She began to giggle hysterically.

"They'll know if you don't shut up!" He shook her.

"You beast!"

"That's better. Now all you've got to do is sneak in the back way and get up to your room. But first there's a little matter of business. You're a business woman, you know."

"But—Bruce! Wasn't—what happened—reward enough?"

"It was lovely, Lily-belle. But I need money. I told you that, to begin with."

"I declare, you're the hatefulest, most mercenary—" Her chin went up. "Very well! You'll get the money as soon as the case has been proved and the Ryan woman has left town. I'll be a business woman, since you mention it. And—oh, Bruce, don't make me hate you! Kiss me—one last time—"

☆

"JAMES! James, come back here!"

"I can't, mother! I've got to go down to the Appeal office," James shouted from the gate.

"James! You come back here! You're not to leave this yard today."

"But *why*, mother? I've got to!"

"Because it's Election Day. Darling, the streets will be full of rough, drunken men."

"But, mother" — passionately — "that's just why I've *got* to go. I've got to help fold handbills—" He was out of the gate now. "The printer'll be drunk—"

"If you leave this yard," Caitlin yelled desperately, "I'll give you a whipping—you see if I don't!"

"Yes, mother—later." The words came back faintly as he ran down the street.

Caitlin turned to the hedge, her lips set in a grim line. She broke a stout switch and began to trim it, her hands moving in little angry jerks. . . . This was the last straw—on top of everything! Coolin upstairs, sick in bed—and Bruce Norris had brought him. And tonight or tomorrow Dan would be here—and what could she tell him? Crazy with worry and unhappiness she was, and the parades coming by all morning since dawn singing "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—oh, why did she have to have gone and started that song? It had done more to lick Dan than any one thing. She didn't care who was President, but Dan had worked so hard! And he was such a decent fellow, and he smelled so clean and his arms around her were so strong! Ah, Dan—Dan!

Ah, she didn't know what to do! Dan would be easy—she could explain. Dan would remember Coolin from back there on the boat—that horrible black time when Buck had shot himself. That was explainable—to Dan. Where would he come when he was sick but to his people? . . . Oh, that could sound all right—to Dan.

But Bruce Norris was behind this thing—he'd hang onto it till he got something out of it. She knew him. . . . Oh, she didn't know what to do!

"Oh, Tip and Ty they are our slate,
They wear no ruffled shirt (*wirt, wirt*).
But Van, he eats off golden plate,
And Van's a little squirt (*wirt, wirt*)."

Outside the Appeal office, the crowd stamped in unison and spat through their teeth for the *wirt, wirt*. Inside, James gritted his teeth on the bread and sausages he was sharing with Dan Bedford and choked down an angry lump in his throat.

Dan put an arm around the small shoulders. "Don't take it so hard, son. We all have to take a licking once in a while. And don't you think you ought to head along home for your dinner?"

The word "licking" had put James in mind of something he preferred to forget. He wriggled slightly on the table where he sat. "No!" he said.

"But your mother might be worried. And you can come back."

"Nuh!" James' mouth was full. "She won't let me. She wouldn't let me come this mornin'."

"Well, that's all the more reason—"

"Uh-*uh*. She's goin' to lick me anyhow when I get back. I don't aim to be kept in too."

Dan stared. "Look here, youngster—did you run away and risk a trimmin' just to help me out with those handbills?"

"Sure! I had to. Anyhow, I ain't scared of her—she couldn't hurt a flea." But he wriggled unhappily.

"Well, listen; I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll send a boy with a note to tell her where you are. Then, after a while, I'll walk back with you and we'll see if we can't fix things up."

"Will you? Gosh, that's great! I dunno, though—she was pretty mad."

☆

DAN grinned. "I've got something to say to her that'll take her mind off you. I'll bet you on it."

"What?" James was all interest.

"Well—maybe I'd better get your ideas first. Listen, youngster. Does your mother ever talk about me? I mean, does she seem to like me?"

"Of course. . . . Say, you mean all that about how would I like to have a new father? Shucks, mother doesn't think I know anything. Will I have to call you father or will I still call you Dan?"

"Did she really say that? . . . Come on—let's go!"

James had to trot to keep up with Dan's long-legged stride. Outside the Appeal office a friend stopped them and held out his hand. "Sorry, Dan—we did the best we could."

Dan stared at the hand as though it were something he had never seen before. Then he grabbed it and wrung it. "Sure, Ed—it's fine! Just fine! . . . I mean, what you did was just fine. Thanks a lot."

"Too bad we couldn't have got the ticket through."

"Yeah, the—oh, yeah, the ticket. Too bad! Nice of you, Ed. Everything's fine. I got to be movin'."

The man looked after him. "Must be crazy!" he muttered. "Acts like he's glad to lose an election."

Dan and James stopped to let a parade pass—log cabins on wheels, cider barrels, coontails swinging.

"With Tippecanoe and Tyler too—"

"I'd like to kill 'em!" James gritted.

"Them? Oh, they're all right. Good

Americans votin' the way they want to vote. . . . Listen, James. Did your mother say anything else? I mean about—well, did she mention me? I mean when she was talking?"

"Sure," said James. "She's always talkin' about you."

☆ CAITLIN hadn't known when the blow would fall. That it would fall surely she had known when Coolin's fevered mutterings had brought up the name of Bruce Norris. There had been a panicky instant when she wanted to grab James by the hand and run—run anywhere. But her hands and feet and body had gone on doing for Coolin's body. Bathing it with cool water, doing what was necessary. (Janice, the maid, was a young wench; it wouldn't be decent to have her doing it.) She was no lady—she never could be a lady now. But her father's daughter would take care of her own people—and the devil take Mrs. Preswald and the house with the picket fence and her funny little dreams.

That had been in her braver moments. There was still plenty of panic in her—times when she whispered through white lips, "I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do!" And there was still a childish faith in her that said, "It can't happen!"

So here it was! Bruce Norris and this Lansfield yellow-head facing her in her little drawing room. And she was numb in her hands and feet and she was saying, "What do you want?"

"Too bad, Kate!" Bruce Norris was worried. This damn Lansfield woman had to see the thing with her own eyes before he could collect his fifteen hundred. Ten minutes alone with Kate, and he could have got three thousand more out of her—but this Lansfield had ruined that.

He cleared his throat. "Kate, it's really all up. Coolin told me all about it—I got it out of him on the boat. Too bad, my dear—it was a good bluff while it lasted."

He watched her warily. Kate Ryan was an uncertain quantity. He was relieved when she turned to his companion.

"What do *you* want, please, Miss Lansfield? I'm sure it isn't money. The women Mr. Norris deals with pay him—they don't get paid."

"Kate, you watch your tongue!"

"Oh, everybody knows what you are. I'm asking Miss Lansfield what she wants. And please don't try to shrink behind Mr. Norris, Miss Lansfield. You'll find him poor shelter."

Lilian Lansfield had come here out of a natural desire to get her money's worth. She had expected to dominate things right from the start—and she didn't seem to be dominating anything. . . . She stepped forward.

"Miss Ryan—"

"If you're speaking to me, my name is Preswald—Mrs. Preswald."

"Uh—but I understood—I was told you were Kate Ryan."

"You were presented to me on the Vicksburg, Miss Lansfield. I am Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald. Later you called on me, I think—though I'm as bad at faces as you are at names. . . . Now, anybody who comes to a place with Mr. Norris wants something more than a dish of tea." Caitlin tapped her foot. "I'm busy, Miss Lansfield. Mr. Norris is a panderer and a dope peddler—"

"Shut your mouth!" Bruce yelled.

"—and he has other disadvantages." Caitlin's hand closed on the switch she had trimmed and stuck behind the mirror above the mantelpiece. "He isn't anybody I care to receive in my house. So, if you'll say what you want—"

"I—then you admit you're Kate Ryan? That you're here under a false name?"

"I don't admit anything of the sort. My maiden name was Ryan, and I sang under that name in New Orleans. My married name is Preswald. Is there anything else you'd like to know? And is it any of your business?"

"Why—why, as a friend of the Bedford family, I think it's my duty—" This wasn't turning out at all as she had planned it. It wasn't she who ought to be trying to explain herself. . . .

Bruce Norris cut in: "It's no use, Kate. May as well come off your high horse. She wants you to get out of town, and stay out. If you do, nothin' will be said."

"And suppose I won't?"

"Plenty'll be said. It'll be hard on your boy—his mother being known as

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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

Kate Ryan from Blake's—used to be Jim Blake's fancy woman."

Caitlin's hand closed hard on the switch. She knew where she'd slash—straight across that pink-and-white doll face. "And you'd do this, Miss Lansfield? You'd be party to ruining a little boy's trust in his mother—to spoiling his whole life with lies?"

"But, don't you see, that's just what we want to avoid. I don't want to be hard, but, after all, one has a duty to one's friends—the community. If you'll just leave town, all unpleasantness can be avoided."

She would slash, Caitlin thought, right across her eyes. . . . No, she wouldn't. There was nothing she could do. Her hand unclosed, nerveless, and dropped to her side.

"All right," she said wearily. "I'll go. I'll have to have a few days to make arrangements."

"Of course! We're not trying to be cruel—really. And we can count on you? So sensible of you!"

☆

THEY left Caitlin sitting in the debris of her life. She couldn't cry—she couldn't pray. Just sat on a little low stool, staring into the empty fireplace.

It was so Dan Bedford found her. He had come in with James, and he had told James to sneak upstairs and keep away until he had got mother's mind off him. It seemed a first-class plan for getting James out of the way.

From the doorway he saw her, and he tiptoed up behind her and put his arms around her. She gave a little startled yelp. He swung her up in his arms as though she had been a kitten and put her feet on the stool. He kissed her, soundly and joyously.

"This," he said, "is where we left off."

She didn't know what to say—she didn't know what to do. She was kissing him back and not meaning to. . . . "And so," he was telling her, "as I was saying when the election interrupted us, we'll be married tomorrow."

She pushed him away. "No, Dan—no! Please!"

"Well—day after tomorrow, then. But that's the latest."

"No—I mean it! . . . How did the election go?" She knew it sounded absurd, but she had to say something.

"You see before you a crushed and broken man."

"Oh, Dan, I'm so sorry!" She managed to get off the stool.

"Well, somebody's got to lose any election; I found that out. . . . Oh, you're a sweet thing!"

"No, Dan—I'm not. . . . No, keep away from me, please!" Oh, dear heaven, give her some way to say it. "Dan, I can't marry you—"

"What are you talking about?" He was staring at her, his arms half out to go around her again. "What's got into you, Caitlin? Is it something I've done?"

"Of course not, Dan. I *am* so sorry." Ah, the hurt bewilderment in his eyes.

"But you said—after the election! Caitlin, you haven't forgot that night."

Forget it? Not while she lived—or after! She said, "Dan, a girl gets swept off her feet sometimes."

"And that's all it meant to you? . . . No, by heaven, it isn't! Asking James how he'd like to have a new father—"

"He told you that?" Suddenly Caitlin's way seemed to open before her. "Oh, Dan, I'm so sorry! It wasn't you at all. It's another man entirely—nobody you know. . . . Dan, don't look at me like that!"

"You never told me—just let me go on thinking—"

"It was bad of me, Dan—wicked!" Oh, you learn to think fast, running a gambling house. "But I was so lonely—you were sweet. Oh, Dan, I wish it was different, but it isn't. It's good-by."

"You're leaving Memphis?"

She nodded, dumb-sick. "I'm joining him—out West. Just as soon as I can get packed. . . . Dan, would it help any if you—kissed me good-by?"

He stared at her. "No," he said. "It wouldn't." And then, heavily, the anger suddenly gone out of him, "Well, good-by and good luck, dear. I'll be going now."

She heard the front door close—heard the sound of his feet die on the walk. . . . Ah, dear God—never is an awful long time!

☆

JIM BLAKE strode along Pontotoc Street. He had left New Orleans as soon as he learned of Coolin's disappearance. There was only one place Coolin would be going—and that was not the place that would do Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald any good.

It was well after dark now. The lower part of the house was dark, but there were lights moving upstairs. The maid who answered his knock carried a candle. She looked flustered and harassed.

"No'm, suh—Miz' Preswald ain't seein' folks—"

"Tell her it's Mr. Blake from New Orleans. I just want a word with her."

It was a small house. From the head of the stairs came a cry: "Jim! Jim, I'll be down in a minute!"

The maid lit candles in the drawing room. Blake sat down and looked about him. It was quiet—quiet shine of candlelight on old wood and brass. Quiet, clean, cool-looking—a serene place. . . . He wondered how long since he had been in a lady's drawing room. Never since he had come west. River gamblers knew magnificence, but they didn't know a lady's drawing room. Not a place like this.

Then he heard her feet, quick on the stairs, and he stood up. She was white in the candlelight, and her eyes were big with misery. She gave a little gasping cry, like a child, and came into his arms.

He held her lightly against him—patted her shoulder. "There—there, my dear. Was it Coolin?"

She nodded blindly. "Bruce Norris brought him."

She felt Blake's hands tighten on her shoulders with a convulsive grip.

She shook her head. "No—no, Jim! It's too late. That wouldn't be any use now—just make trouble. Oh, Jim—sit down. Please!" She half led, half pushed him down into an armchair. She stood in front of him, slim in some kind of a frilly-looking thing. Her lips grinned—she made them grin; but her fingers twisted together suddenly in front of her.

"Jim—would it be all right if I—sat in your lap?"

Then, suddenly, there she was. His arms cradled her—cuddled her. And suddenly her dark head went down against his white shirt front and she began to cry. He held the slim quivering body—patted her. "Ah, child—so! There, now—nothing's as bad as all that." He was clumsy—he didn't know what to say. The wonder of her delicate body against him—the unhappiness of her. And the steadying clean quiet of the room she had made. A man—a life artist—couldn't finish his picture without a room like this and the woman who could make it!

The sobbing died down at last. He took her under the chin. "Now, little darling, tell me about it. There's nothing so bad it can't be mended. And I'm good at mending."

"Ah, Jim, you're a good man!" . . . Against his broadcloth shoulder that smelled heavenly of cigars, she told it. Not quite all, though.

He said, "What about this Dan Bedford? Was he all right?"

"Oh, he was sweet. But I had to send him away. Now I've got to get out of here before any one tells James. Jim, I'm packing now. I suppose Texas is as good as any—oh, I don't know where! . . . Ah, Jim, I ought to get up and pack now—but it's such a thing to have somebody care where I go!" Shamelessly she wiped her eyes on his sleeve.

"Then I'll tell you where—Lord, sweet, you need somebody to tell you where! Put your head down now!"

A kind of glow had come over him. He talked. . . . She would take a downriver boat. At a landing she didn't remember the name of she would transfer to a boat that would take her to a new town in Texas she couldn't pronounce. . . . "Never mind, darling—little Caitlin! I'll be on the boat; I'll write it all down for you. We'll be married somewhere."

* * *

HE talked. Give him a year more—he'd have to leave her, but at the end of that time he'd sell out in New Orleans—and both of them would have a comfortable income.

"And what will you do then, Jim?" Caitlin lifted her head. "Sure, you couldn't have yourself on my hands!"

"Not me!" His arms tightened around her. "I've got it planned. We'll spend a year in Texas and I'll write a book—a big thick book. Mathematics—I've wanted to do it for years. I'll write such a book—"

"Jim, I'll read every word, but—"

"Darling—sweetling! You'll read none of it. But when I'm a professor at Harvard you—you'll make me a room like this. . . . And James will go to Academy—and Harvard."

"Ah, Jim—you *are* a good man! But we better lay low."

"I'll send you your ticket for the boat. And Coolin?"

"He'll be ready when I am—I know his fevers. Two days, maybe. Jim, it's sweet to have some one to take care of me. . . . Ah, my dear! And now don't see me again till we're on the boat. You and me and James and Coolin—Texas bound!"

* * *

AT the Gayoso House bar Bruce Norris was cheerfully drunk. He was celebrating getting his final fifteen hundred dollars.

As Dan Bedford came in, he waved his glass. "Have a drink?"

"No, thanks." Deliberately Dan moved down the bar and ordered a whisky sour for himself and a ball for Hunter Griscome, who had come in with him. Along the bar, men stiffened, feeling trouble.

Bruce Norris raised his glass and his voice: "Here's to the man that lost the election—consoled by the widda with plenty affection—"

He saw Dan Bedford straighten and look at him. He saw suddenly that Dan Bedford was white and savage. But no upriver bucolic was going to put a snub on him.

"Gentlemen," Norris pursued, "the spirit of the muses is on me tonight. . . . Muses—she refuses— Ought to be something to be made of that."

Dan Bedford said, "I wouldn't try to make anything of it if I were you, Norris."

With hardly a sound or a movement, the men at the bar began to separate into Dan Bedford's friends and Bruce Norris' friends.

"Y' not me—big difference, see? Heavens, I'm still poetical! . . . Now"—he put a hand to his forehead—"*defeat?* Gimme a rhyme, somebody. Heat—feet—treat—sweet—*ah!*"

He raised his glass again. "Here's to defeat—no doubt about it. And here's to the widda who's sweet about it! . . . Note the trisyllabic rhyme. No, wait! I don't quite like it."

"I don't like it myself," said Dan. He moved in quietly and hit Norris.

Thrills, danger, surprises await you in next week's chapter, as the story rushes toward its electrifying climax and a woman resorts to desperate measures to save the man she loves.

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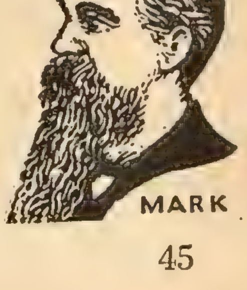
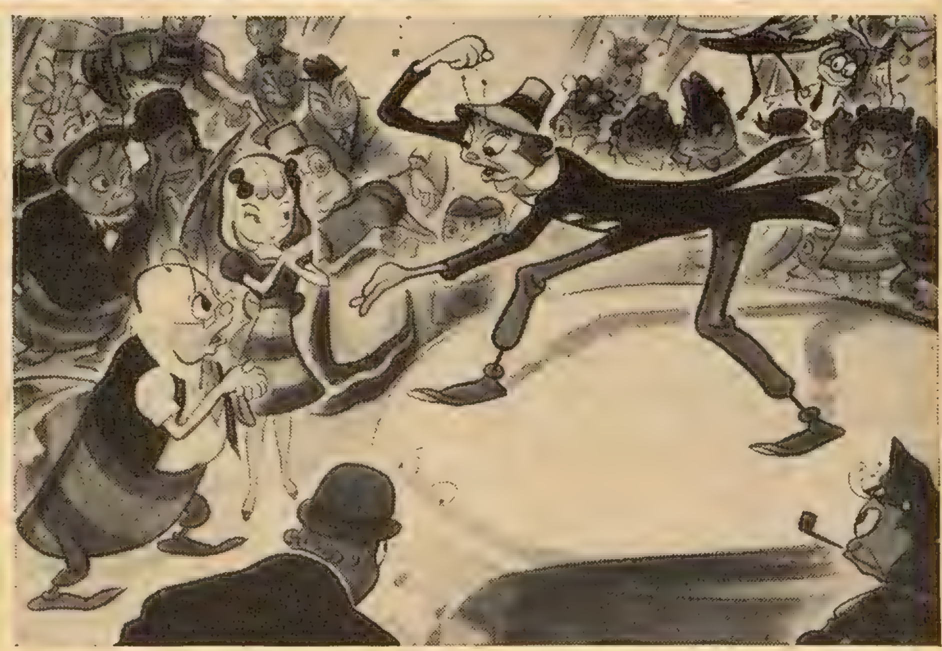


PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

Robert Taylor and Lana Turner in the new gangster melodrama, Johnny Eager.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT



The gangling Hoppity, in Mr. Bug Goes to Town, makes a speech to his pals.

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ JOHNNY EAGER

Casting is always a curious business on the screen. The glamour boys and the glamour girls usually play themselves in shows carefully streamlined to their talents. Occasionally they break away from their type assignments and turn in surprising portrayals. Robert Montgomery did it in Here Comes Mr. Jordan; Greta Garbo in Ninotchka and Two-Faced Woman. Robert Taylor *doesn't* do it in Johnny Eager, although he makes a brave try.

M-G-M has pushed things a bit too far in asking Taylor to reverse his field in this show. No matter how attractive you may still find his personality, you are likely to be highly unconvinced that he is the desperate public enemy No. 1 he is supposed to represent. There is something too boyish about his profile and his manner to credit him with the physical and spiritual mayhem he is supposed to pull off in this gangster picture.

If the picture had been more original in design, the star might have had a chance of changing character suddenly. As it stands, it is a typical underworld melodrama which virtually cries out for the terse, terrifying acting of a Cagney or a Bogart. Taylor is in there punching in every sequence. Occasionally he is very good, particularly when he is involved in a psychopathic romance. Most of the time, I'd say, he is miscast because he isn't type-cast.

The film deals with the skullduggery of a top-flight racketeer on parole who covers up his low-life activities by making the daughter of a special prosecutor think that she has murdered one of his henchmen. It is only when his boozy Man Friday makes him realize the enormity of his scheme that he has a flicker of what we like to term character. The production ends on a semitragic note, as Johnny Eager bows out, leaving the heroine free to marry a very proper millionaire.

The chief trouble with Taylor's acting is the fact that he is instinctively a nice guy, while Johnny Eager is a heel. He never convinces one that he is willing to sacrifice the girl he ostensibly loves along with an informer whom he kills in a spectacular manner. All the ruthless quality in the role and the theme of the movie gets diluted in the Taylor performance.

The other playing is not at all bad. Lana Turner gives an effective portrayal of the flighty socialite who teams up with a gang chief. Van Heflin is remarkably good as the erudite shadow of Johnny Eager. Mervyn LeRoy has staged the production with a shrewd sense for building up terror and suspense. With an expert at killer roles in the place of handsome Robert Taylor, Johnny Eager would have been a whale of a gangster show.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN

While there is only one Walt Disney, there is a great field for full-length comic cartoons. Mr. Bug Goes to Town has less magic in it than routine slapstick, but it reminds one that the screen can invoke make-believe that no other medium of our day is capable of handling.

This Fleischer Studio feature is strictly for the children, but it has a lot of stuff that will appeal to all adults who have not forgotten that they were once youngsters. Its tale of gangling Hoppity, leading his insect pals out of the terrors of a construction job to find a haven in a terrace apartment is filled with imaginative touches. The theme, while fantastic, has a nice note of irony in showing that insects fear human beings far more than the latter do them. At times the production is right behind Disney and his Dumbo in craftsmanship.

The show might have benefited by paying less attention to conventional Hollywood pictures. As it is, there is a stock romance between Hoppity and his ladylove, Honey Bee; a dastardly attempt to break up the love affair by C. Bagley Beetle and his dim-wit henchmen, Swat, the fly, and Smack, the mosquito; and even an interrupted wedding. When animators, artists, and musicians work for almost a year on a production, one likes to be tolerant of their enterprise. So let's say that Mr. Bug Goes to Town is a clever and entertaining comic-cartoon feature in the second rank of these peculiar products of the screen.

(Paramount.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven.

★★★½—Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich.

★★★—Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark.

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?

Continued from Page 28

where grain and other commodities were again sold on the open market, and where concessions were distributed, which resulted in the creation of speculators and of a new rich class. Europe declared the revolution a failure. From the dogmatic point of view it was, for today the Russian economy differs little from the war economy of England or Germany.

Stalin began his great career at that time by means of an election the importance of which even Lenin failed to recognize. It really was a Trojan horse within which Stalin, almost unobserved, entered the citadel he was later to conquer. He was elected General Secretary of the Communist Party by the Central Committee. From this post he began to acquire control of all the key positions through which the party kept watch on the entire country. Since he was simultaneously a sort of representative of the Politburo of the GPU and a friend of its boss, Dzerzhinski, he soon accumulated in his hands a vast but practically invisible power. Lenin and Trotsky had done all their intraparty fighting openly. Stalin introduced the Asiatic technique of secrecy.

STALIN ACQUIRES INVISIBLE STRENGTH

Thus, in his patient systematic way, he began slowly to prepare his power. The pressure of hunger and the other results of the civil war made men eager for party jobs. If Lenin was respected and loved, Stalin, precisely because few knew him, was feared like an invisible and harsh god. A General Secretary in this form had never existed before.

The result of this dangerous situation was a growth in party membership so rapid that it had to be cut down by a third. A member of a Soviet said at that time, "The English Parliament, as every one knows, can do everything except change a man into a woman. But our Central Committee has even larger powers. It has already made women of the most courageous revolutionaries, and their numbers keep on growing."

Naturally the criticism kept on growing too, and in Lenin's time it dared to be outspoken. Instead of punishing it, Lenin would say openly, "Perhaps our state apparatus is imperfect, but so was the first steam engine. To bring our state machinery up to date we have to do three things: learn, learn, and learn." This was language which the masses understood, and they soon pictured Lenin as the father of his country. That was why a shudder of terror passed through Russia when he suffered a sudden attack. From that day until the day of his death, a period of nearly two years, he was able to make occasional decisions but not to rule.

Lenin had been considered indefatigable. The simplicity with which he lived made people forget that for

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five years he had not taken a holiday; he had never even relaxed by hunting. Trotsky, whose one recreation was hunting, has explained why Lenin was not a good huntsman. Obviously he was not a great soldier either.

Lenin's genius lay in a swift vision of things embracing a wide range of time: What will be the result of these measures ten years hence if I put my signature to them today? This gift of prevision, or of imagination, which always distinguishes the born first man in a state from the second, was integrated with a character in which modesty and self-assurance were perfectly balanced. Lenin, and Lenin alone among the Bolsheviks, is one of the rare instances in which talent and character help each other along.

Lenin was also the only one in whom no personal weakness cast a shadow on the great passion of his life. A logician, like Karl Marx, his master, he worshiped clarity, numbers, statistics, and hated humanitarian phrases. But two qualities in him gave him the advantage over Marx. The first was capacity for action, which Marx never even had a chance to test. Lenin stands in the same relation to Marx as Marconi does to Hertz: he applied the theory of the mathematician to the practical tasks of the engineer. The second was of a more subtle character. Lenin, the cold, clear, careful thinker, was a Russian through and through; he loved Russia; and in his student days he had known what it was to have an older brother executed for complicity in an attempted assassination. While Karl Marx, with his massive intelligence, wanted to improve the lot of the workers no matter in what country, and was himself an émigré and without a fatherland, Lenin, who was one of the founders of the International, could not have been effective anywhere except in Russia, even though he knew the rest of Europe so well. He wanted world revolution, but he triumphed only in Russia, because he knew the soul of the Russian worker, peasant, and official as one knows the garden of one's childhood.

THE BORN MASTER VS. THE MADE ONE

In contrast to this, Stalin admired Russia in his soul, and sought to conquer it. If Lenin was the *born* master, Stalin exerted himself to the utmost to *become* one; and he needed twenty years in order to overcome all his rivals. His self-confidence was thoroughly justified, but it was continuously marred by moments of weakness. His work may be compared to Lenin's in range and success. But his personality is as overshadowed as his face, which never fronts the person opposite him but is averted in distrust, while Lenin looked frankly and freely at every man he addressed.

Occasionally Lenin's pluck got the upper hand of his sickness, but there were times when he suffered from the knowledge that he could think clearly but could not move and could not speak. He had to calculate from one month to the other whether he would be able to take part in the next Congress or in the next session; he kicked out the doctors who tried to conceal his condition from him, retaining one on whom he could rely for the blunt truth. For months on end he was preoccupied day and night with the question of his successor. The transition from Lenin to Stalin occurred to no one at that time. The only man who, during Lenin's sickness, reckoned on the possibility that his successor would be Stalin, was Stalin.

After a revolution the death of the founder is followed only too easily by anarchy or bureaucracy. At that time Soviet Russia was by no means as consolidated as the essentially older United States at the time of Washington's death. The death of Cromwell resulted, after a brief period of government by his incompetent son, in the collapse of the republic. Lenin understood all this clearly.

TROTSKY BEGINS TO GET SUSPICIOUS

During the two-year interregnum the government was actually vested in the Troika, or "Threesome," the Russian name for a three-in-hand sleigh, applied to the three men, Stalin, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, who dominated the Politburo and the Central Committee and who were united in increasing enmity toward Trotsky. In the books and the popular songs of the time, in the very folk itself, Trotsky was so intimately associated and identified with Lenin that only a masterpiece of patient intrigue could dislodge him from his position. He was also the only one who, in numerous capacities, had soon obtained a complete and penetrating knowledge of the structure of the new state. He had been able in the course of one year to get thousands of crippled locomotives rolling again, and thus to repel the Polish assault. When I looked for him in Moscow in 1925, he was somewhere at the other end of the world, checking up on boots and overcoats for the Russian army.

As Trotsky's moral auspices grew with Lenin's sickness, and he became, without official title, the latter's representative, his tragedy began. The Troika, led by Stalin, got ready to displace and overthrow him after Lenin's death. Trotsky later described how conversations would abruptly cease when he entered the room, and called this the first sign of the conspiracy against him while his power was still in the ascendant. These personal questions constituted at that time the chief substance of Russian politics. The continuity of the new state did depend on the question of the successor to Lenin. In cases of this kind patriotic concern and ambitious desire inevitably go hand in hand.

Lenin's life's work would be endangered if the mutual jealousies of his most capable colleagues were to lead to a break in the party. Men of passionately ambitious character, like Hitler, think more of their power and of their fame than of their work. Lenin thought only of the latter. Chained to his bed, deprived at times of the power of speech, he revolved continuously in his mind the question to which successor he should give the weight of his authority. A year before his death he dictated for the party conference that "note" which was subsequently, and with justice, called his testament. Until his death it was read by no one except his wife, to whom he entrusted it:

"I think that the fundamental factor in the matter of stability is such members of the Central Committee as Stalin and Trotsky. The relation between them constitutes, in my opinion, a big part of the danger of that split the avoidance of which might be promoted by raising the number of members of the Central Committee to 50 or 100.

"Comrade Stalin, having become General Secretary, has concentrated an enormous power in his hands, and I am not sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution. On the other hand, Comrade Trotsky is distinguished not only by his exceptional abilities—personally he is, to be sure, the most able man in the Central Committee—but also by his too far-reaching self-confidence and a disposition to be too much attracted by the purely administrative side of affairs.

"These two qualities of the two most able leaders of the present Central Committee, quite innocently, would lead to a split. If our party does not take measures to prevent it, a split might arise unexpectedly."

"STALIN IS TOO RUDE": LENIN

During the very week of the dictation of this note Lenin received a report in which the gathering scandal of Stalin's action against the Georgian leaders was revealed. Inspired with the fury of the renegade, Stalin had directed against his former homeland all the passion of his pro-Russian sentiments, and had deposed the friends of his earliest years from power. Lenin was outraged to learn that Stalin had permitted the use of force in matters regarding which the constitution guaranteed the widest tolerance. Meanwhile Stalin had coarsely rebuked Lenin's wife for keeping her husband too closely informed instead of letting him rest. With these impressions fresh in his mind, Lenin strengthened his "note" by adding to it, ten days later:

"Stalin is too rude, and this fault, entirely supportable in relations among us Communists, becomes insupportable in the office of General Secretary. Therefore I propose to the comrades to find a way to remove Stalin from that position and appoint to it another man who in all respects, except in general superiority, differs from Stalin—namely, a man more patient, more loyal, more polite and more attentive to comrades, less capricious, etc. This circumstance may seem an insignificant trifle, but I think from the point of view of preventing a split and from the point of view of the relation between Stalin and Trotsky which I discussed above, it is not a trifle, or it is such a trifle as may acquire decisive significance.”

These two crucial documents were never published in Russia, but their purport varies little in the reports of insiders. The documents themselves were undoubtedly destroyed long ago.

Lenin’s anxiety mounted steadily as he lay in his room in the Senate building, definitely aware, from certain indications, that a second attack was due. At this same time Trotsky, too, was confined to his bed by rheumatic pains, and lay in a room in the Czaristic Knights’ House. The great courtyard of the Kremlin separated the two men, who exchanged views on the most important matters by means of notes and oral messages transmitted by their secretaries: a truly tragicomic situation.

The new thing about the Troika was a propaganda which had always remained alien to the founder of the state. During Lenin’s sickness, and obviously without his knowledge, the town of Tzaritzin, which Stalin had so brilliantly defended during the civil war, was suddenly rechristened Stalingrad, while another Russian town became Zinovievsk. They had ships, schools, factories named after them. Only Lenin refused to have anything like that done for him, for it was only after his death that Petrograd became Leningrad. Later the cult of personality expanded. At the Paris Exposition of 1937, visitors to the Russian pavilion were confronted in six places by statues and pictures of Stalin.

Unable as I was to reconcile all this with Socialistic principles, I decided to ask Stalin himself about it. It had been my experience that dictators, like elephants, became tamer if you teased them.

“I am surprised,” I said, “at the hero worship which is more prevalent here than anywhere else. You are the very people who logically ought not to revere any individual. Your materialistic conception of history—which is what separates me personally from you, for I hold that men make history—should prevent leaders from being shown in pictures on the street and from having cities named after them.”

This attack Stalin took with excellent poise. He said, “You are mistaken. In Marx you will find that men make history, but not in the way your fancy suggests; rather in their reactions to the definite circumstances in which they find themselves placed. Every generation has a new set of circumstances to face. In general, it can be said that great men are of value only in so far as they are able to deal with the circumstances of their environment. Otherwise they are Don Quixotes. As far as my opinion goes, it is history that makes men. Marx never denied the importance of the role of the hero. It is, in fact, very great.”

STALIN USES THE “PATRONAGE” SYSTEM

Meanwhile, at that time when the real hero of the Revolution was still alive but was not wholly capable of work, the power of the party machine outgrew even him. Stalin, as General Secretary, appointed his friends as secretaries in the states; they appointed their friends as under-secretaries. Lenin recognized the danger and dictated an article—his last—to which he gave the title: Better Less but Better. In it he proposed a rejuvenation of the State machine on the basis of greater knowledge and better education.

But by that time the Politburo, with Stalin and his friends, was already so powerful that they did not want the article printed. They dared to suggest that a single number of Pravda might be printed for “the old man,” with this article. It was only when Lenin’s wife and Trotsky threatened them with exposure that the Troika let the article appear.

How Stalin not only kept Trotsky, his rival, from attending the funeral of Lenin but himself delivered a funeral oration comparable to Mark Antony’s beside Caesar’s bier, and emerged as Lenin’s resolute heir—all this and much more will be illuminated next week by Mr. Ludwig.

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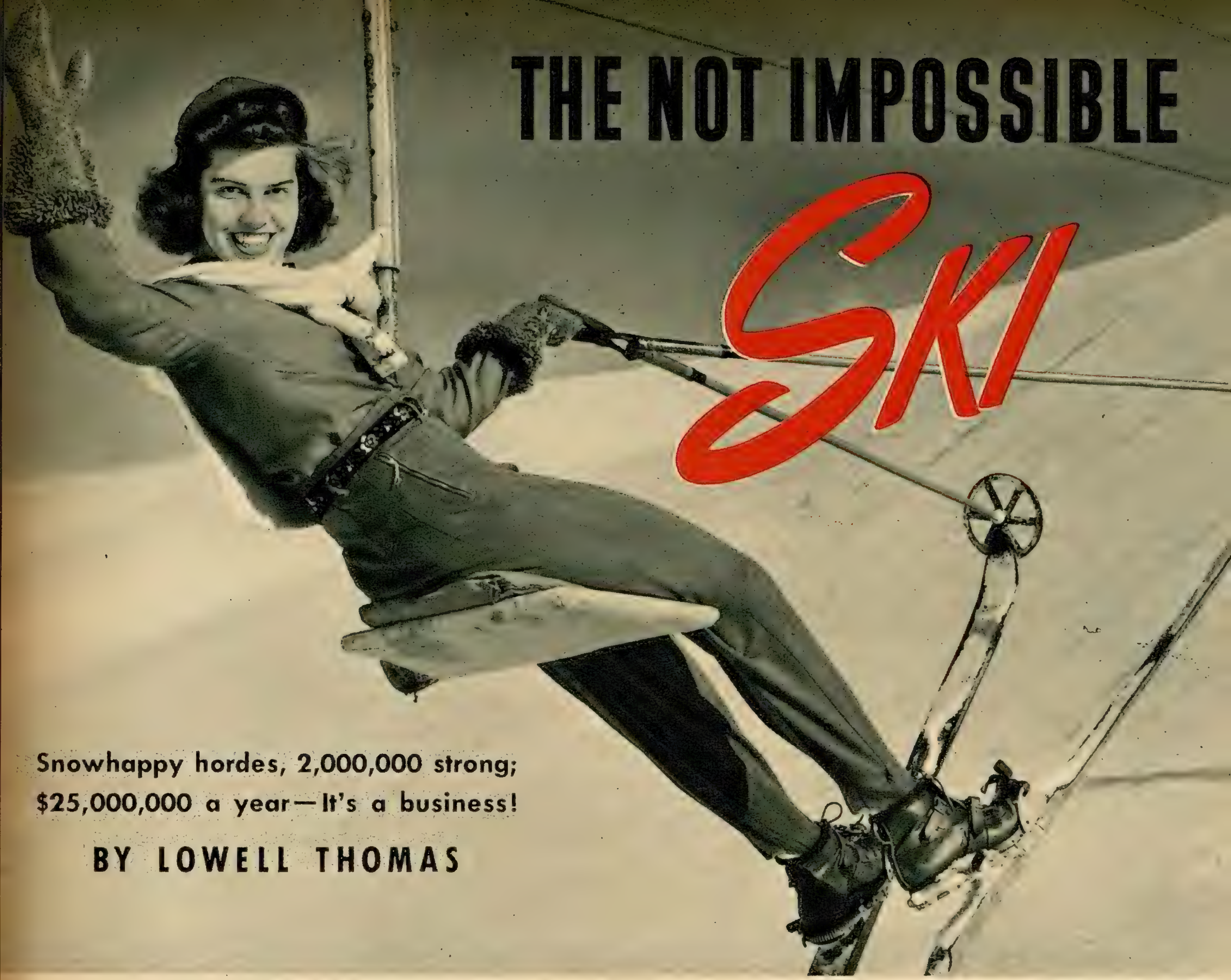

COURTESY SUN VALLEY-CHAPIN

Snowhappy hordes, 2,000,000 strong; $25,000,000 a year—It's a business!

BY LOWELL THOMAS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ SEVEN years ago a farmer up at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was trying hard to raise potatoes and eke out a precarious living from his hilly, stony, heavily mortgaged land.

One bright snowy day a group of strangers drove up to his ramshackle farmhouse and asked permission to slide down a near-by slope.

"Go right ahead," said Farmer Bousquet. "These hills aren't much good for anything else." Out his windows he watched them don long curly-toed pointed boards and proceed to climb up and then slide down again. Bousquet shook his head. "City folks," he said pityingly.

Today C. J. Bousquet, along with an army of other New England farmers, has changed his mind. As for city folks, the more of them he sees, the better. Potatoes are a thing of the past. Skiing has become Bousquet's bumper business—as it has for many farmers in the snow country.

The year Farmer Bousquet granted trespass permission, there were about 2,000 skiers scattered from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. Today there are more than 2,000,000 skiers swarming over the snow slopes of the U. S. A. And, during a winter when the snowfall is good, they spend approximately $25,000,000 for ski clothes and equipment, transportation, food and lodging, instruction, etc. Countless other dollars are being spent yearly to develop new ski trails and resorts, private and national ski parks, and cross-country trails. Business is booming.

Fifteen years ago skiing was for the most part enjoyed only by a few hundred wealthy enthusiasts. Train service was poor and slow; accommodations were expensive, if obtainable; and the skis and other paraphernalia had to be imported from abroad and cost a pretty dollar—and more.

Today the colorful ski uniform knows no rank. Clerks, stenographers, teachers, mechanics, office boys, millionaires, all belong to the growing army of well-equipped skiers.

No sport that I know of has shown such high-speed development or created such a genuine boom. About 300,000 factory workers, hotel folk, railroaders, ski patrolmen, instructors, manufacturers, salesmen, farmers, and others are enjoying a comfortable prosperity, thanks to skiing.

Undoubtedly skiing has had its greatest influence on the frostbitten farmer, the small inn and tavern-keeper. Not many years ago, with the first touch of winter, the mountain-resort keeper boarded up, and entire towns hibernated until spring.

But today, thanks to the ski fever, roads are kept open into the Laurentian Mountains of Canada, railroads speed special trains into the snow country, and hundreds of farmers and small innkeepers look on the winter months as dollar harvest time. Farmers like Bousquet have learned that thar's gold in a hill bigger than a pimple—if you install a ski run and tow and hang out the welcome sign.

True, Farmer Bousquet still plows. But not to raise potatoes. His plowing's now done in the summer, and his hills are seeded with fine grass—like a golf link's—so that it is possible to ski on two inches of snow. His (he's made some purchases) farmhouses are booked well ahead.

Hundreds of farmers in New England, the upper Middle West, Canada, and the Far West have also done a Bousquet, to the great benefit of their bank accounts.

But skiing has done even more than

turn farms into prosperous winter inns. It has actually created towns. Classic example is Sun Valley, Idaho —the fabulous ski center of the West.

Many other such resorts are being contemplated. National foresters and CCCers have been laboring mightily, clearing forest and land, opening trails and building free cabins along mountain sky lines. In time a regular network of these will rim the country for the cross-country skier.

Every railroad in America that has rails pointing north, operates ski trains. While these haven't taken the railroads out of the red, they have cut winter losses enormously.

But the golden ski nuggets are not only to the innkeeper and the railroads. In New England, for instance, whole towns have suddenly grown lively with the click of a thousand knitting needles—every occupant busy turning out an avalanche of ski caps, sweaters, gloves, socks and dog-warming slippers. Many towns have actually risen from unofficial bankruptcy by this means.

At first skis were all imported. Today dozens of ski manufacturers have sprung up here. The ski-boot industry, too, has acted as a shot in the arm for the shoe business and thousands of dozens of pairs of ski boots help make shoe factories hum. Special fabrics and designs have been created for ski clothing. The sport has provided a field day for the inventor: Hundreds of gadgets keep coming out, are tried, discarded, improved, used.

If any misinformed friend tells you that it will cost you a fortune to buy skiing gear and to get to the mountains to use it, pay no attention to him. The economic realists who make ski tools and clothes, operate resorts, and carry you to the hills, have concluded sagely that there are more plain folk than millionaires; that it is easier and more profitable to snag five than fifty dollars.

Rates at homey farm-hotels like Bousquet's are dirt-cheap—often as little as two dollars will purchase a comfortable warm room and simple home-cooked meals that would choke a rhinoceros. It's hard, in fact, to spend more than four dollars a day (movies, gas, and dancing included) at any of these rustic Ritzes.

It costs money to get to Sun Valley (the Union Pacific has added $1,000,000 a year to its revenue), but its hospitality is most democratic. You can pay anywhere from four dollars a day to fifty, but all skiers are equal on the miles and miles of open slopes.

Excursion rates on ski trains are remarkably cheap. Everybody waxes his skis, talks skiing, takes a beer at the train bar, and creates a train warmth rarely found on an exclusive extra-fare express. When you reach your destination, you'll usually find ski-tow rates are about $1.50 a day. Years ago a skier spent hours going up and minutes coming down. The ski tows that whisk him to the top of the steepest peak give him as high as 20,000 feet of downhill running a day—a boon to the average enthusiast who has limited time at his disposal.

As for ski clothing, it is available for all at moderate cost—well designed clothing in which a wealthy socialite is indistinguishable from a fifteen-dollar-a-week stenographer.

Thus this infant-to-America sport takes its place as the leading athletic industry in the country today. It has affected farmer, clerk, workman, shopkeeper. It has bucked up railroads and manufacturing plants. Its influence has been felt by laborer and refugee (for many of our best ski instructors were Europe's best skiers). It has brought prosperity to the edge of the wilderness.

Above all it has given health and happiness to millions of devotees—matters which hardly can be reckoned in dollars and cents.

Skiing stands well to become the poor man's sport, sidling up alongside bowling and softball, the other merry muscle-work for the masses. Today the week-end skier can leave home of a Friday night or Saturday morning, have a couple of decobwebizing, invigorating days at some pleasant, often hotsy-totsy resort, ski many thousand feet downhill, breathe in the ozone of a dizzy wintry fairyland, absorb huge mounds of good-tasting food, sleep in a warm, sweet-smelling bed and return home tingling with the hormones of happiness—all for the price of a dinner out, a pair of theater tickets, and some dancing afterward.

THE END

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LONG VIGIL—Continued from page 12

asked: "Look, Aunt Sarah, didn't you ever quarrel?"

"Who?"

"Oh, I mean you and Uncle Jim and dad and mother. I mean, all these years." He grinned. "I'm always fighting with some one."

"Of course we quarreled," said Sarah indignantly. "Your father and your Uncle Jim didn't speak to each other for two days once, over an election. And your mother and I had our little differences. Usually over one of you when you were little. Or something . . . I don't remember."

That's not true, she thought. I remember everything. I remember the time that Mrs. Winslow came to town for the summer—and set every one talking. She was always sending for Jim, and people gossiped, and I was so frightened, and of course I went to Elizabeth about it. They'd been here, let me see, about three years. And she was so—calm and sensible, and I lost my head and I said to her, "What would you say, how would you feel, if Bill was unfaithful?" I remember how her face changed. She didn't say anything, but somehow I knew he had been, before we knew them. . . . Then there was the time Bill began to drink too much. It was Jim who got him over that. . . .

Lester spoke. He said, "It's so *quiet.*"

Peter threw down the cards. "I wish Tom could come," he said.

Sally whispered. She said, "I wonder what they're doing—downstairs."

☆ THEY were sitting, one on either side of the bed, as they had sat before. Miss Parsons was in a dim corner of the room. Dr. Renwick was quiet, his finger on the fragile pulse. Elizabeth had moved. She had turned her head; her breathing had altered ever so little.

She wore a fresh white nightgown. She hated silk—all her underthings were sheer linen. . . . There was a little blue bow at the shoulder, and Mrs. Harding before going off duty had brushed her graying hair till it shone, silver and copper.

The two men sat, their eyes on the familiar, the unfamiliar face. And Bill Watson made a strangled sound in his throat.

"Steady," said Dr. Renwick.

Bill spoke, forgetting Miss Parsons. He said, "It's all right for you to say that, Jim. I know you're fond of her as if she were a member of your own family. But I'm her husband. We've been married thirty years. There's never been a moment when . . . Oh, she's forgiven me a lot. There was a time before we came here to live—"

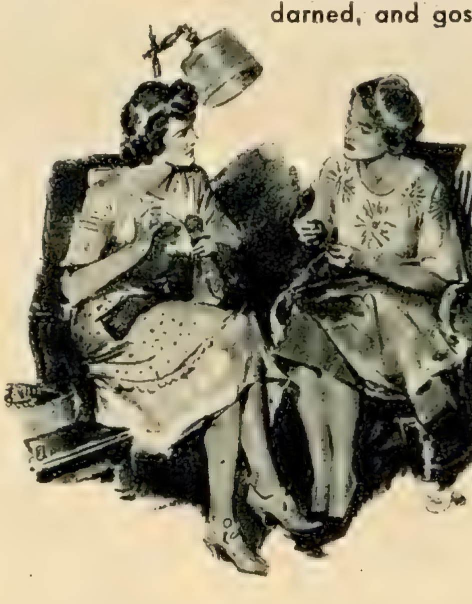
Renwick looked up and gestured slightly to Miss Parsons. She rose, moved across the far dim end of the room. A door opened and shut.

"Go on," he said.

"That was why we came here," said Bill. "We'd been living in New York. There was another woman . . . not for long and it didn't mean anything. And then that time here, when the business folded up and I was out of my mind with worry and I began to drink. If it hadn't been for her—and you, too—" he said.

Renwick spoke sharply. "Stop reproaching yourself," he said. "She understood, Bill; she forgave you."

Here they had sewed, darned, and gossiped.



Bill said, "You never knew this—but there was a time . . . It was before Sally was born, a year or so. Something happened between us, I don't know what. It was just after I stopped drinking. I was irritable, I suppose. I remember she went away for a while, put some one in the house to help Mary with the two kids, and went away—to Illinois, to visit her aunt. She was gone a month. . . . When she came back she was—different. I couldn't put my finger on it. Before she went we'd been quarreling; at least, I had. We didn't any more. But she was as—as remote as the stars. And then, quite suddenly, as if she had made up her mind about something, it was all right again. . . . I've never understood women," he said humbly.

"Which one of us does?"

"You and Sarah," said his friend—"you've gone along on an even keel."

"Yes," said Dr. Renwick.

"Funny," said Bill Watson, "the four of us. Marrying so young, moving next door to each other, sharing everything. . . . I remember when the baby died—Ronnie. Elizabeth took it as much to heart as if he had been her own."

He was silent, his head in his hands, and Jim Renwick looked down at the quiet face against the pillows.

His friend's wife. He loved his friend. And he loved his friend's wife. Always. From, he thought, the first moment he saw her, laughing at him over the hedge, gone now these many years, her red hair golden in the sunlight, a trowel in her hand, a streak of dirt across her cheek, freckles marching along the bridge of her nose.

He had not known then, nor she; not even when suddenly they seemed to be alone together in a room full of people and their eyes met. He remembered a game of bridge, and something he had said when Sarah had trumped his ace, and he remembered Elizabeth's laughter and her eyes. Everything he said . . . she had understood.

But you don't fall in love with your friend's wife.

The curious thing is, you go on loving your own wife—in that half amused, half resigned way. Sweet, scatterbrained. The prettiest girl he had ever seen, the most provocative. So he had married her, and it had been a crazy little heaven, and then it had been a sober sort of earth. Good, kind, and insensitive little Sarah. Extravagant and garrulous, utterly without imagination, wholly loyal, as good a wife, as good a mother as her capacity permitted. You went on loving her as you loved a child.

☆ HE looked at Elizabeth. He thought, Twenty-five years, and I remember every dress she ever wore in my presence, and everything she ever said in my hearing, and every look and every gesture.

The night he knew—was it not the night of the bridge game?—they had walked across the lawn together. Bill and Sarah were still discussing the game, behind them. There was dew and a silver slip of a moon, and Elizabeth had stumbled and he caught her, and for a minute she had been close to him—and then he had known. He was a man. He had been desperately in love with and had married Sarah. He remembered Mrs. Winslow and how upset Sarah had been. But that had been nothing, had come to nothing. It had been an attraction, a stimulant. But he had not been in love with Mrs. Winslow; he had not even wanted her. He had his profession, and his wife and his children. He loved them all, differently.

Yet that night when Elizabeth had stumbled and exclaimed, and he had held her so that she would not fall, he had known; and it had been a very bitter moment.

Why hadn't he known from the first? Why had this been of so slow and insidious a growth? Why . . . Yet what good would it have done?

At least, he need never tell her. He had let her go and said, "I warned you about those absurd heels."

Later, lying in his quiet bedroom with Sarah asleep beside him, he had watched the sky grow gray and had thought, It was my imagination.

What had been his imagination? Her voice, a little shaken, the quick way she had caught her breath?

When Bill began to drink, she had come to him, her larkspur eyes grave.

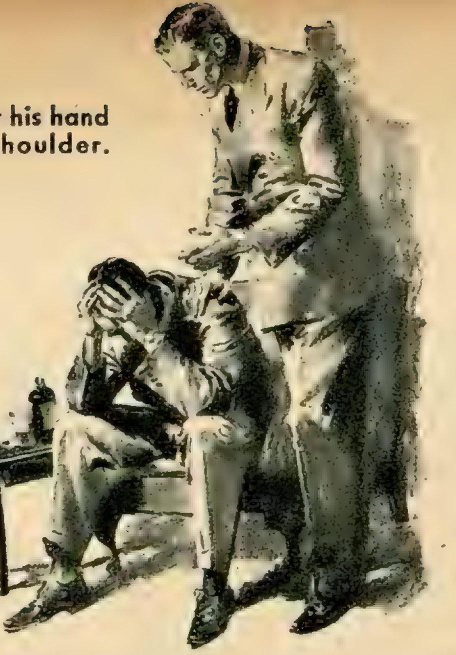
"You are his friend," she said, "and I am his wife. And you are our doctor. You must help him, Jim."

All right. He loved her. He would restore her husband to her.

He had done so.

This will pass, he had told himself. It will grow better. It will settle into resignation and then a sort of peace, and one day it will be forgotten.

Renwick put his hand on Bill's shoulder.



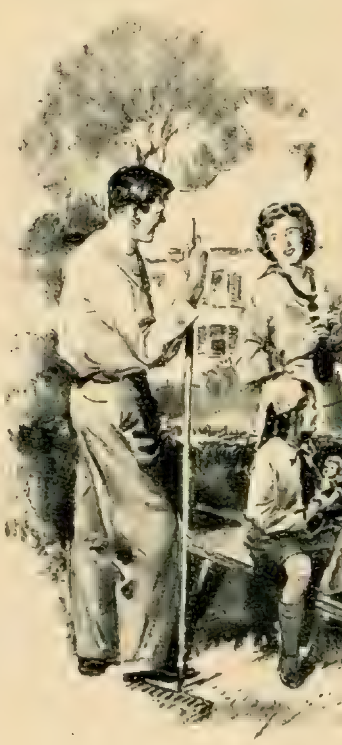
But it had not passed, and it had grown worse.

He was sixty years old, and this woman, his friend's wife, his friend, his patient, was fifty-five. And she was dying. Looking at her, he knew there was something which he must not remember—and which, too, he had never forgotten.

So he spoke to her, in his mind. He talked with her as he had talked with her all these years, waking and sleeping, talking to her in his mind, telling her all he remembered, and all he had hoped and all he had dreamed—telling her everything which had happened to him every day.

Elizabeth, he said to her, although his face did not change and his lips did not move, when I went to the convention in Chicago—do you remember? I knew you were somewhere in the state, but when I walked into the hotel, and you were sitting there waiting for your cousin—

Her face. Seeing him suddenly. Unguarded, vulnerable, stripped of the quiet, friendly mask. He had never in his life seen a face alter like that; he had never seen a face as illuminated. Naked her face before him, and her eyes and her mouth—naked and open and utterly revealing. She had said nothing but his name. She did not know that her voice was one he had never heard, nor her face one that he had never seen.



. . . laughing at him over the hedge.

Somehow he managed to ask, "What are you doing here?"

In that split second she was as he had always known her. Elizabeth, his next-door neighbor. She was waiting, she answered, for her cousin. But if she didn't come in ten minutes she wasn't to wait.

"I'll wait with you," he said.

He sat down there in the crowded lobby. And she asked him how things were at home. Was Mrs. Eaton better? Had he put the Smith boy in the hospital? How were the children, all of them? "Mine write me such funny letters," she said. "At least, Tom tries." How was Bill—had he seen him? She had phoned him last night.

Ten minutes, and then he said, "Your cousin isn't coming. Will you lunch with me?"

They had ordered, they could not eat, they did not eat, they had tried to talk, they had not been able to talk.

He said, "I'm supposed to return tomorrow. The convention's over, you know."

And after a while she said, "I—I knew you'd be here—of course I knew it. Sarah wrote me, and Bill. I didn't think I'd see you."

And presently he had looked at her and said, "My God, Elizabeth," and she had said, "I know . . . I hoped you never would."

That was all—then.

☆

AFTER luncheon they went out and walked through the blindingly bright streets, brilliant with sun, heady with wind. They walked along Michigan; they walked for miles and did not know it. And she said, "There is nothing we can do."

He said, "We can talk about it."

They turned into a little teashop—he never knew the name—and sat at a table, and the tea grew cold in the cups.

She said, "It's this way. We can't hurt people, Jim. You're stronger than Sarah, and I'm stronger than Bill. I suppose we've always known that. They love us, and we love them. . . . And there are our children."

That was that. They weren't the sort of people who broke up marriages, who said, "This is the way it is with us—and you'll have to take it."

The waitresses looked at them curiously and brought fresh pots of tea, and it grew dark outside and cold, and they sat there and talked or were silent. And he said, "But, year after year, seeing you every day—"

It was too late for him to go away, to set up a practice elsewhere. It wasn't fair to Sarah and the children. And Bill's business, centered in the town, was growing.

Once she said, "I'll go on as I have. I'll go on living with Bill and having his children and keeping his house. And you'll go on—"

"Don't say it!"

"But I must. You have to face these things."

"How do you suppose I will feel?"

"And I?" she asked a little wildly. And then, "It's different with a woman. Surely you understand that? She needn't—give. . . . But a man . . ."

She couldn't go on.

And now it was very late, and she took the timetable from her purse and looked at it. And she said, "I can't get back tonight . . ."

He said, after a moment: "I won't go tomorrow; I'll wire. Elizabeth, out of all the years, a day, my dearest, two days?"

She said, "It will be so much harder, after."

"Do you mind?"

And then she said, "No, I won't mind. No matter how hard it is."

☆

IT had been made so terribly easy, this much. She could telephone her aunt and say, "I am staying in Chicago for a few days, shopping." And he could wire home. . . .

Three days. He hired a little car somewhere, and they drove out of the city that night, and there was an inn, in a tall green woods, as it was just the pale beginning of spring. There was a little lake with a trimming of ice on its blue water. And a fireplace in the big quiet bedroom. And long trails through the woods. . . .

Sometimes into three days you are permitted to put all the love and all the longing, all the companionship and the completion.

They watched the last dawn together, sitting together in a big chair by the window. The wind was cool and fragrant and the sky was gray and gold.

She said, and for the first time he saw her cry: "This is the end. It must be."

And he said sharply, "It can't be, Elizabeth. We are human."

She said after a while, "Perhaps this will be forgiven us, but we—can't go on. That would never be forgiven. Furtive, clandestine . . . hideous. You would hate me, I think. . . . I would hate myself. We—live next door. Doesn't that mean anything, Sarah and Bill and the children? Next door, in and out of each other's houses? There can't be anything more, Jim," she said. "Not a word and not a touch. . . . Let it be as if we had died here, now, this moment, you and I . . . and were as ghosts walking ever after."

"It isn't possible," he said heavily.

"We love each other," she told him, "so anything is possible. Promise, if you love me, to help me. Promise!"

And after a while he had promised.

The sun rose, and they must go back to the city. She would meet her cousin there, three days too late. She said, standing tall and straight in the new sunlight, her arms around him:

"Good-by . . ."

"You love me," he said, and held her achingly close. "You will go on loving me?"

"Darling," she said, "forever."

Twenty years ago, and out of the twenty years, three days. He remembered when Sally was born. He remembered the time before she was born, and all it had cost him. He re-

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membered saying harshly, "You must have a good obstetrical man," and that she had said, "But I want you, Jim," and he remembered his answer: "You can't ask that of me."

Things like that. A word, a look, and sometimes a handclasp. Every one else shaking hands, you couldn't *not* shake hands; it would be noticed.

He remembered when Ronnie was born, and that Elizabeth was the first to see him. Sarah lying there, very small, with Ronnie in the curve of her arm, and Elizabeth standing across from him, and for a moment her eyes. This should have been my son, they said. . . .

But Ronnie had died, and no one had been able to help Sarah except Elizabeth.

Once Sarah had said to him, "I believe you are fonder of Sally than of your own children."

Well, why not? He had hated, he had loathed the thought of her, and then there she was, and he had loved her. She was very like her mother even when she was a baby.

Twenty years and nature helped you, and somehow the ache was lessened and you were used to pain. The crazy, destroying desire was gone, and the sense of unbearable frustration. But love was there, and the fundamental compulsion. We could have been so happy, we would have been such companions, we might have grown old together.

They had grown old together. Next door.

Elizabeth stirred, and he moved quickly and leaned over her. She opened her eyes and looked at him, and he put up his hand blindly, and Bill rose and leaned over her too. And she spoke in a voice her husband did not recognize. She said two words. She said, "Darling—*forever.*"

After a moment Dr. Renwick put his hand down. He was very white. Miss Parsons came like a little shadow. And Bill asked, weeping, "Shall I call the children?" And Renwick said slowly, "Yes . . . but it is too late, Bill. She's—gone."

He put his big tired hands over her eyelids and closed them. And thought, There is nothing more bitter than this. I have lost her. I have lost my friend, the wife of my friend, and a patient. More I cannot acknowledge. . . .

Bill was speaking brokenly. He was saying that he could not endure it, he could not live without her. He was saying no man had had as wonderful a wife.

There was something a doctor had to do. A doctor must console the bereaved. Renwick put his hand on his friend's shoulder.

Bill said, "She spoke to me, Jim, she knew me, at the end."

"Of course she did," said Dr. Renwick.

"I'll always remember," said Elizabeth's husband.

He stumbled toward the door with Renwick's arm around him, and they went out of the quiet room together to tell the children and Sarah.

THE END

VOX POP—Continued from page 4

Those who may not accept your translation can go to the Library of Congress, Metropolitan Museum, and other institutions, and read the Vulgate as handed down through the years. "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO—ET IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS BONAE VOLUNTATIS," the angelic choir sang—and that means "Peace—to men of good will."—*"Presbyter."*

"Men of good will" is a familiar phrase, of course, to all who use the Douay Bible.—VOX POP ED.

CALL FOR FICTION THAT LIVES AND FITS THE TIMES

BOSTON, MASS.—Though this should have come sooner, I'm sure that a million readers will remember Faith Baldwin's great Liberty story, Breath of Life, for a long time. Please give this place just to say that all America is indebted to her.

We need that kind of story painfully, many, many of them. America needs them. Our greatest enemy and peril today is moral disintegration from within. How far we are from being what America used to be! How many a young man of today is getting a wife who drinks—both at the top and the bottom of our social register. And with what tragedy!

Breath of Life is magnificently done. It is patriotism, national defense, of the highest order. Liberty is to be thanked for giving us increasingly this stronger and more positive kind of thing instead of cheap jazz.—*Eugene B. Smith.*

HAVANA, ILL.—Give us more like Breath of Life. And Blood of the Dragon, by Achmed Abdullah, was good—particularly timely when Japan so treacherously attacked us while protesting her desire for peace. A good many months ago Liberty was warning of Japanese designs on our Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines.—*S. J. Butts.*

FORT WAYNE, IND.—I have not always agreed with your policies or liked all your stories, but for sheer splendid perfection two of the stories in your December 20 issue win my vote of thanks. They are My Rocks and Rills, by Baird Hall, and Wedding Gift, by Alice Douglas Kelly.

Please print more like them and less of the frothy, inconsequential ones!—*Mary Colton.*

POSTSCRIPT ON AN EDITOR'S PICTURE

BRENTWOOD, MD.—Who said Fulton Oursler looks like the devil? That should not cause any worry. I should be grateful if I were half as handsome as either.—*Elmer C. Helm.*

THE BATTLE OF DETROIT

THE TANKS ARE COMING!

America's new forts on wheels are three times as fast as Hitler's best

BY

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

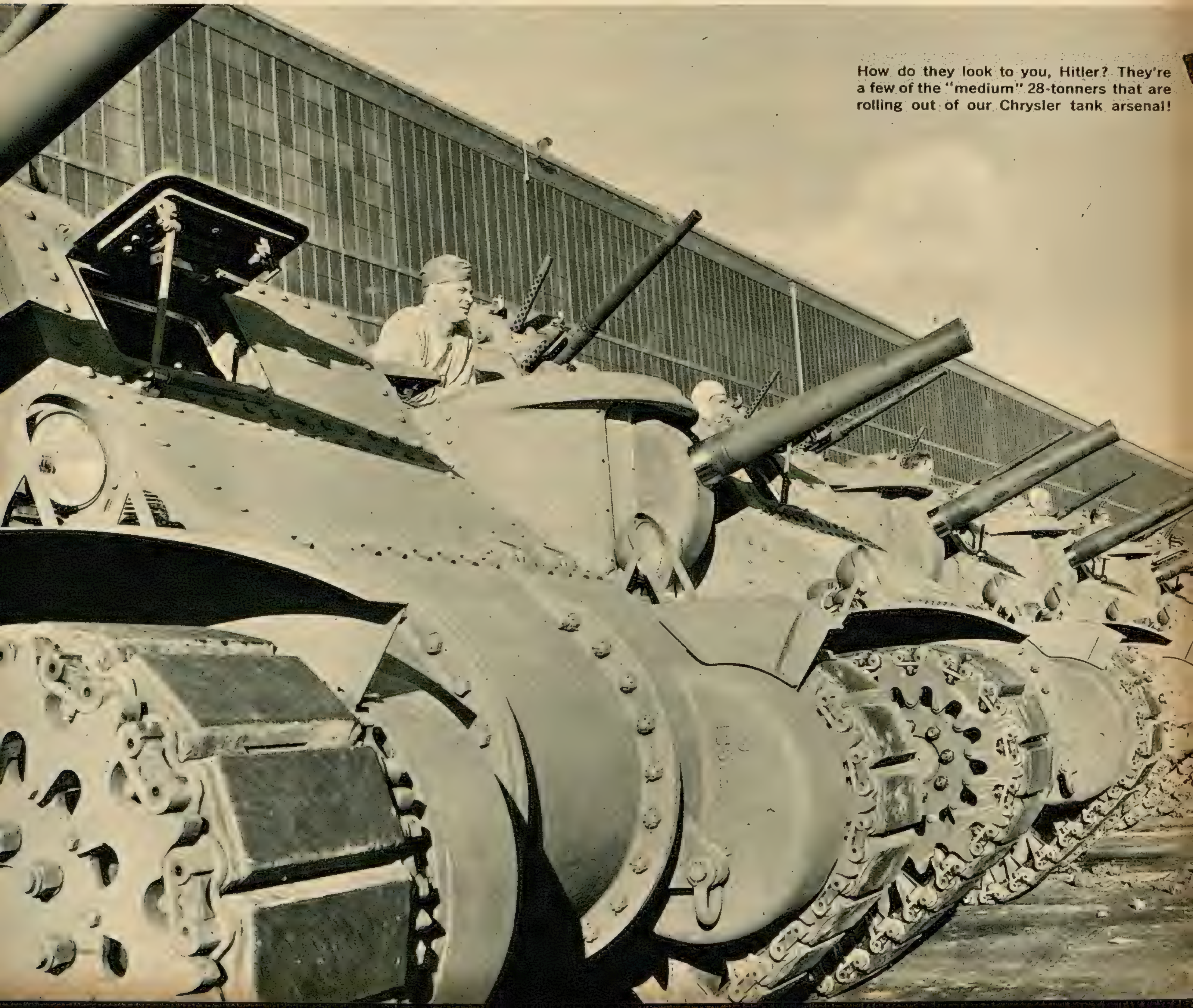
☆ IF there was one thing more than another in the defense program that we Americans didn't know anything about, it was a tank.

A few of us old boys of World War I vintage had seen some of the early specimens more or less in action. A few thousand American tourists had later viewed the saddening remains of some of these at Ypres. But very few Americans had so much as driven a tank, let alone having made one.

Even if many had, the experience wouldn't have helped much in the present emergency, for in the light of recent Nazi improvements, the tanks of Ypres were not so hot.

So what?

Well, tanks won the Battle of



How do they look to you, Hitler? They're a few of the "medium" 28-tonners that are rolling out of our Chrysler tank arsenal!

France. Tanks will be England's chief dependence if it comes to a Battle of Britain. Tanks will be essential to us.

And we have no tanks—or hadn't any appreciable number before the national defense program began. Until the fall of 1940, about the only tanks made in this country were the occasional samples turned out by the army itself in the United States arsenal at Rockford, Illinois. That wasn't the army's fault. It kept telling our Military Affairs Committees, in vain, that the war of the future would be a mechanized war. Once in a while, however, a grudging little appropriation, enough to pay for a dozen or two tanks, did slip through, and then the army engineers would chase out to Rockford and make them—practically by hand. Good tanks they were, too, but there were never enough of them to beat a mosquito tattoo on Hitler's nose.

Naturally, under such a system, no progress could be made toward speedy, efficient manufacture of tanks on a mass-production basis. So now, after two decades of this official disinterest, we find ourselves at war—a war in which the tank may be one of the chief weapons, if not *the* chief one, on which we must depend to defend ourselves.

When the army ordnance people did get the go sign on tanks in 1939, there was a natural uncertainty as to which peacetime industry to turn to. Superficially the war wagon resembled an automobile, more markedly a tractor; but actually, in weight, size, and materials used, it resembled a locomotive or a railroad car.

First contracts, therefore, went to the great companies which produce our railway rolling stock; and these organizations have been doing all right. More power to them! But the tank situation really didn't begin to look up, from a mass-production standpoint, until the army purchasers realized that railroad men as well as automobile manufacturers had to start from scratch with new tools, new machines, and new methods.

So the Washington brass hats concluded that they might as well place a bet on the motormakers' greater experience in assembly-line construction. It was at this point that they awarded a $60,000,000 contract to the Chrysler Corporation. Later orders exceed $200,000,000.

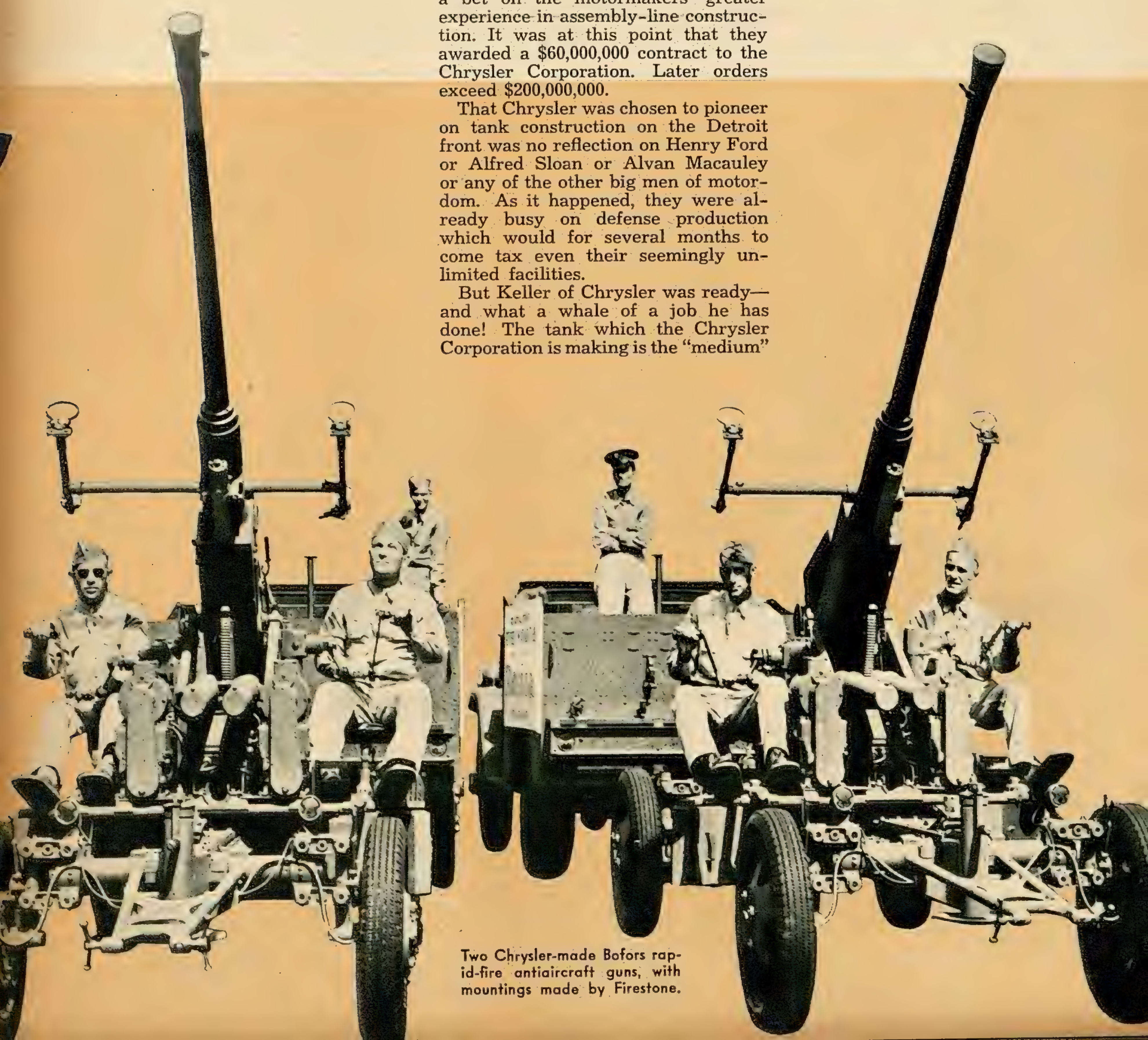
That Chrysler was chosen to pioneer on tank construction on the Detroit front was no reflection on Henry Ford or Alfred Sloan or Alvan Macauley or any of the other big men of motordom. As it happened, they were already busy on defense production which would for several months to come tax even their seemingly unlimited facilities.

But Keller of Chrysler was ready—and what a whale of a job he has done! The tank which the Chrysler Corporation is making is the "medium" type. It weighs only twenty-eight tons. Chrysler could make sixty-ton ones just as quickly. But American military policy believes that in a mechanized war speed is even more important than weight.

The fastest medium tank in the world—that's what Chrysler is making! I have seen them running around like automobiles on the seventy-five-mile figure-eight testing track at the Chrysler tank arsenal outside Detroit. Twenty, twenty-five miles an hour is the rate achieved on this first efficiency test, which, of course, includes hill-climbing, quick braking, and all the other delays and hazards.

Chrysler executives are satisfied with this speed. It is far above what they promised the government. However, although the actual figures are jealously guarded by army officials, it is no secret that these first American-made tanks easily make forty and forty-five miles an hour.

The fastest Hitler tank, we are told, makes twelve and a half miles an hour.



Two Chrysler-made Bofors rapid-fire antiaircraft guns, with mountings made by Firestone.

How this part of the miracle has been performed is easy to understand. "Change-mindedness" again! The automotive engineers on the Detroit front refused to accept the traditional view that a tank can't go fast.

They attacked this tank business in pincer formation. On one flank there was the driving part of the vehicle: the engine, the gears, the differential, etc. All these mechanisms of the 400-horsepower air-cooled radial engine had been developed during peacetime. Why shouldn't they be developed to drive an armored fortress at high speeds?

They were.

On the other flank there was the strictly military part of the tank: the turret cannon, the machine-gun battery, the armor plate. In the beginning, the weight of the actual firing arms could not be appreciably diminished—although our new munitions makers are now making great progress along that line—but if a tougher steel than Hitler knew how to make could be substituted for heavy armor, the battle of the tanks was in the bag.

It was found.

☆

I AM not permitted to say just how thick or thin the armor plate is on the tanks that are being made at the Chrysler tank arsenal, but I have had convincing demonstrations of how tough it is in comparison with much thicker and heavier plate used on the German variety.

To be doubly on the safe side, the vital parts are still heavily guarded by plates of conventional thickness in the same extra-tough metal; but the over-all saving in weight by using lighter but tougher material throughout most of the vehicle helps to make the American twenty-eight-ton tank go faster, stop quicker, and turn more easily than any other now in existence.

Even greater is the miracle of the mammoth tank arsenal, five city blocks long and two blocks wide—and now being enlarged!—which Chrysler has erected in record time in what was a few months ago a cornfield north of Detroit. Let a Chrysler official tell what happened:

"Unlike the average industrial plant that evolves over the years, this arsenal had to be preconceived down to the smallest detail. Every piece of its more than 1,000 machines, its 8,000-odd tools and fixtures had to be designed or adapted to this new and vital purpose. From blueprints to finished building, the job was accomplished in seven months. Not only was the plant erected, but the first completely assembled twenty-eight-ton tank was delivered to army officials in this brief time.

"Because of the size and weight of various parts, tools and machinery of adequate size had to be designed and built. Planning the structure, foundations, floor space, and unusual clearances required not only the experience but the foresight that comes with years of meeting mass-production problems.

"But today," he concluded with understandable pride, "behind the steel-and-glass walls of the Chrysler tank arsenal, the United States has for the first time a dependable quantity source of these mighty defense weapons."

Outside, the tank arsenal is typical of the new defense factories rising throughout the Middle West, low-lying structures of glass, steel, and brick. Inside, it is different from anything I saw elsewhere on the Detroit front. At the machine-gun factory in Flint, the general picture was that of a flow of materials down each department production line, the gradual transformation of rough billets and forgings into finely machined parts, the converging of parts into sub-assemblies, and finally the moving of sub-assemblies by conveyer belt to the final assembly line.

All that happens at the tank arsenal, too, but on such a huge scale that it is not of an assembly-line operation that you are first conscious on entering this giant tank factory, the only one of its kind in this hemisphere. Into one side of the building comes a steady flow of tank parts, from 700 different companies in twenty states. Big or little, all of them go at once onto an expanse of floor space as long and as wide as the eye can reach, where almost every known machine-shop operation is performed, including the milling and boring of armor plate, the welding of sheet metal, the electric arc-cutting of drive sprockets, and the grinding of the powerful transmission gears.

Ford had no place to make airplane engines—but, inside eight months, was he making them! Mr. Collins will tell you the story next week.

And how are these tasks accomplished? Well, suffice it to say that such ingenuity as we saw at work in the manufacture of shells and machine guns is on display in the Chrysler tank arsenal on the grand scale.

Leaving the huge machine shop, the strange assortment of parts which has come into the arsenal at one side rolls out at the other side a twenty-eight-ton "fort on wheels," with fighting space for seven men and a fighting equipment which includes four .30-caliber machine guns, one 37-millimeter cannon, one giant 75, and a power-operated turret which can aim its missiles forward, backward, to either side, or *upward* in case of attack from the air.

How many of these huge steel-clad, rubber-shod creatures are born each day in the Chrysler tank arsenal is a government secret. All I can say is that it isn't just one or two and that it isn't a hundred—yet; but it is plenty, and a lot more than the army people expected.

It should not be thought, however, that this tank production is the only form of defense activity in which the Chrysler organization is engaged. It also is turning out heavy antiaircraft guns, bomber fuselage sections, shells, projectiles, army trucks, among many other things.

Tank-making, because of its novelty, is naturally one of the most spectacular of all defense activities. It will be much more so when Fisher Bodies and Ford complete their $60,000,000 worth of great new factories for multiplying to unheard-of proportions the present Chrysler-developed tank production technique.

But even on the simplest defense products the story is a dramatic one. Except in the matter of trucks and reconnaissance cars, the operations are quite new and require many different machines and machine tools, which must be designed, manufactured, and installed. Even trucks designed for defense use must meet tests no peacetime truck has to face. The army truck needs to be as durable as the army tank, and is. Chrysler has turned out 75,000 of these necessary "work horses."

☆

AMONG the defense activities of the Studebaker Corporation, which include such important items as radial airplane motors, is the manufacture of an army truck which has three axles, with a drive on each one of the six wheels. That kind of truck can do almost anything.

Chevrolet is making army trucks, too, in bewildering numbers and variety, along with airplane engines and 75-millimeter shells. And Willys-Overland, among others, is turning out the Jeep-Glamour Girl Number One of the truck defense program. The term Jeep has come to be applied with affectionate insistence to "a stubby, bouncy crossbreed between the half-ton command car and the motorbicycle." Major General Hodges, Chief of Infantry, calls this "the most useful motor vehicle we've ever had."

The Jeep is a snub-nosed, sawed-off, open-faced horseless carriage. It has a forty-eight-horsepower engine and an eighty-inch wheelbase; nevertheless, it can make sixty miles an hour on a good road and perform miracles on no road at all.

Here is one expert observer's report on the Jeep: "Designed to replace motorcycles and side cars for reconnaissance work, it can go anywhere a cycle can, and a lot of places a cycle can't. It can be used as a troop carrier (three men easily, six with crowding), weapon carrier (machine guns, 37-millimeter antitank gun, mortars), communications truck (to mount radios and carry wire). It has been carried in transport planes and it is planned to try dropping it from a plane with a giant parachute."

According to Lieutenant Colonel Oseth, generally regarded as the army's chief expert on rolling stock: "Transportation in the United States army is now at least fifty per cent superior to that of any other army in the world, and the Jeep can grab a big share of the glory."

Ford makes Jeeps, too. But Ford—well, what Ford is doing is the surprise story of the Battle of Detroit.

THE END

FULTON OURSLER

THE LAST WORD: JAPANESE SPIES AND WHAT THEY DID

THE STORY OF THE YELLOW ESPIONAGE in the United States is not the tale of master plotters, of beautiful Mata Haris flirting with American naval officers: it is not an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel of international intrigue, but is, instead, the revelation of an Oriental system as intricate and devilish as anything ever devised in the brain of Fu Manchu. Next week Liberty will give you a firsthand and intimate picture of this spy business in the first of a pair of articles by Frederick Lewis called Japanese Spies and What They Did. When you get through, you may begin to wonder, as did we on the Liberty staff, if there were any Japanese who were not spies. Not any over one year old, we feel sure!

BOBBY RIGGS TELLS HIS SIDE of the great amateur tennis squabble in an exclusive article next week. It is frank and hard-hitting as an article from a champion should be; it puts the case of the nonpro to the American people for judgment. Any person interested in the future of amateur sport in a democracy will find this article provocative, stimulating. In our hearts we all hope and believe you will find the whole table of contents next week stimulating and provocative. Especially the fiction. There is, first of all, the beginning of a new novel called From This Day Forward—a story that has nothing to do with war or politics as such—it is about one man and one woman and their love. You will laugh with them, cry over them, thrill to them. This really exciting and pleasing new novel was written by Elswyth Thane, which is another name for Mrs. William Beebe, wife of the famous explorer. Then there is an exciting novelette, complete in the one issue, The Constant Miracle, by Charles Bonner; and another beautiful story of young love and lovers, No One's Obscure, by Edmund Ware.

Donald M. Nelson, executive director of SPAB, has written an article of major importance to every one, called Less for Everybody. Frank McHugh comes in with a collection of funny Hollywood stories; Frederick L. Collins continues his story of the Battle of Detroit, and there will be installments of Stalin: Devil or Genius? by Emil Ludwig; Mississippi Belle, by Clements Ripley; and the final hilarious chapter of the serial about Mickey Rooney.

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE. Many readers have written in with the suggestion that we republish this, that, or the other article or story which forecast the conflict with Japan. Some ask us to reprint The Red Napoleon; others, Lightning in the Night; others, Without Warning. All three novels dealt with the war of East and West. There are others also who suggested reprinting specific articles, and among these the name of "Billy" Mitchell was mentioned hundreds of times. Unfortunately we have not the space to give for these reprints, although they would certainly make interesting reading. We do have the space to quote, however, the following words from General Mitchell:

"Japan knows that war is coming some day with the United States, and that it will be a contest for her very existence. She also knows that a tremendous change is coming in the method of conducting overseas campaigns. The naval systems of the past will give way to the air systems of the future. But she estimates that when war does come, America will begin with the methods and systems of the last great conflict. She is therefore preparing her whole war-making powers so that every advantage may be taken of new developments in the art of war. Her aviation is receiving first consideration, as are also her submarines and light cruisers. She has reduced her army by several divisions to provide money for the air force. She has gone all over the world to find the best system and equipment for her use. . . . We know that she has many more men, more machines, and more factories working on her air force than has the United States. . . .

"In case of war in the Pacific, the United States is almost sure to be drawn in. The American people should understand the facts, and our national defense, particularly our air force and submarines, should be made efficient and kept constantly ready." From an article, Are We Ready for War with Japan? by General William Mitchell, published in Liberty Magazine January 30, 1932.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—JANUARY 31, 1942** ★ ★ ★ ★

EDITORIAL

Laughing Keeps the Chin Up....... 9

SHORT STORIES

Long Vigil ....Faith Baldwin 10
Unconsidered Trifles—Liberty's Short Short ....Mindret Lord 17
Paging Mr. Einstein Whitman Chambers 34

SERIALS

Mickey Rooney—The Life and Loves of Box-Office Man No. 1—Part III Frederick Van Ryn 20
Stalin: Devil or Genius?—Part IV Emil Ludwig 26
Mississippi Belle—Part IX Clements Ripley 40

ARTICLES

Man to Man ....Gerald McCann 6
Japan's Outline for Murder Carl Crow 13
Ten Famous Hollywood Laughs Sidney Skolsky 18
Am I an Alarmist?..Harold L. Ickes 23
The Goodwill Tour of Don Florencio De La Pampa ....John Erskine 30
The Not Impossible Ski Lowell Thomas 50
The Battle of Detroit Frederick L. Collins 55

FEATURES

This Man's Army ....Old Sarge 25
Vox Pop, 4; Crossword Puzzle, 32; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 33; Liberty's Book Tips by Donald Gordon, 38; Pictures You Ought to See by Howard Barnes, 46.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ARMANDO

Double your Enjoyment during the New Year with the

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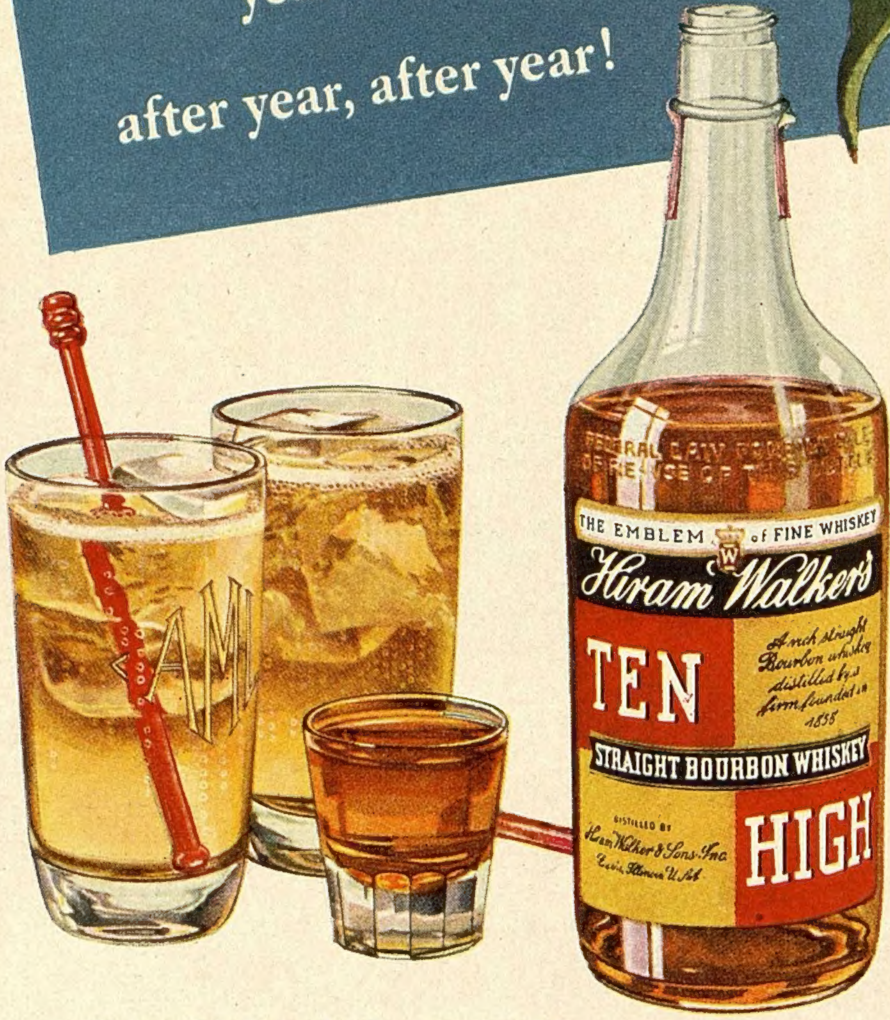
Like this luscious peach,
RIPENED JUST RIGHT—
year after year,
after year, after year!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Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich straight Bourbon whiskey distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH
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This whiskey is 4 years old.

We've waited an *extra* year to give you the *"bonus year"* TEN HIGH.

And, mister, when you taste the detectable goodness added by that extra year, you'll say, "There's a birthday worth *celebrating!*" That includes you millions of TEN HIGH drinkers who didn't think this whiskey *could* taste better.

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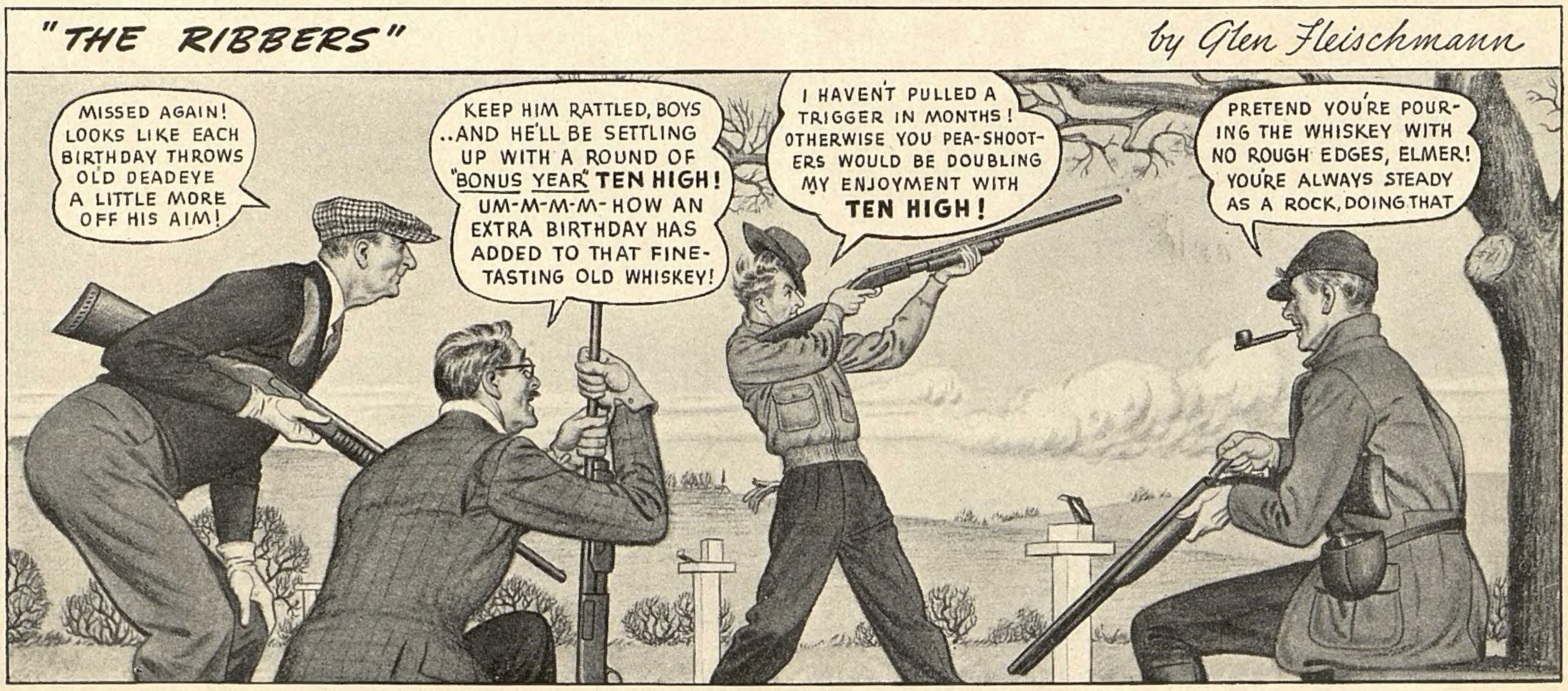
"THE RIBBERS"
by Glen Fleischmann
MISSED AGAIN! LOOKS LIKE EACH BIRTHDAY THROWS OLD DEADEYE A LITTLE MORE OFF HIS AIM!
KEEP HIM RATTLED, BOYS ..AND HE'LL BE SETTLING UP WITH A ROUND OF "BONUS YEAR" TEN HIGH! UM-M-M-M-HOW AN EXTRA BIRTHDAY HAS ADDED TO THAT FINE-TASTING OLD WHISKEY!
I HAVEN'T PULLED A TRIGGER IN MONTHS! OTHERWISE YOU PEA-SHOOTERS WOULD BE DOUBLING MY ENJOYMENT WITH TEN HIGH!
PRETEND YOU'RE POURING THE WHISKEY WITH NO ROUGH EDGES, ELMER! YOU'RE ALWAYS STEADY AS A ROCK, DOING THAT

LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph—James R. Callis, Jr. shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"TOBACCO like this, that's milder and better tastin', is bound to be expensive," says James R. Callis, Jr., tobacco warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C. "But it's the leaf Luckies want, and sure as shootin'—they pay the price to get it.

"I've watched Luckies pay the price at auctions all over the tobacco country—that's why Luckies are *my* cigarette!"

Smokers . . . choose your cigarette for the tobacco that's in it. And remember, you can enjoy milder, better-tasting leaf—the kind that costs more money at the auctions—in Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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